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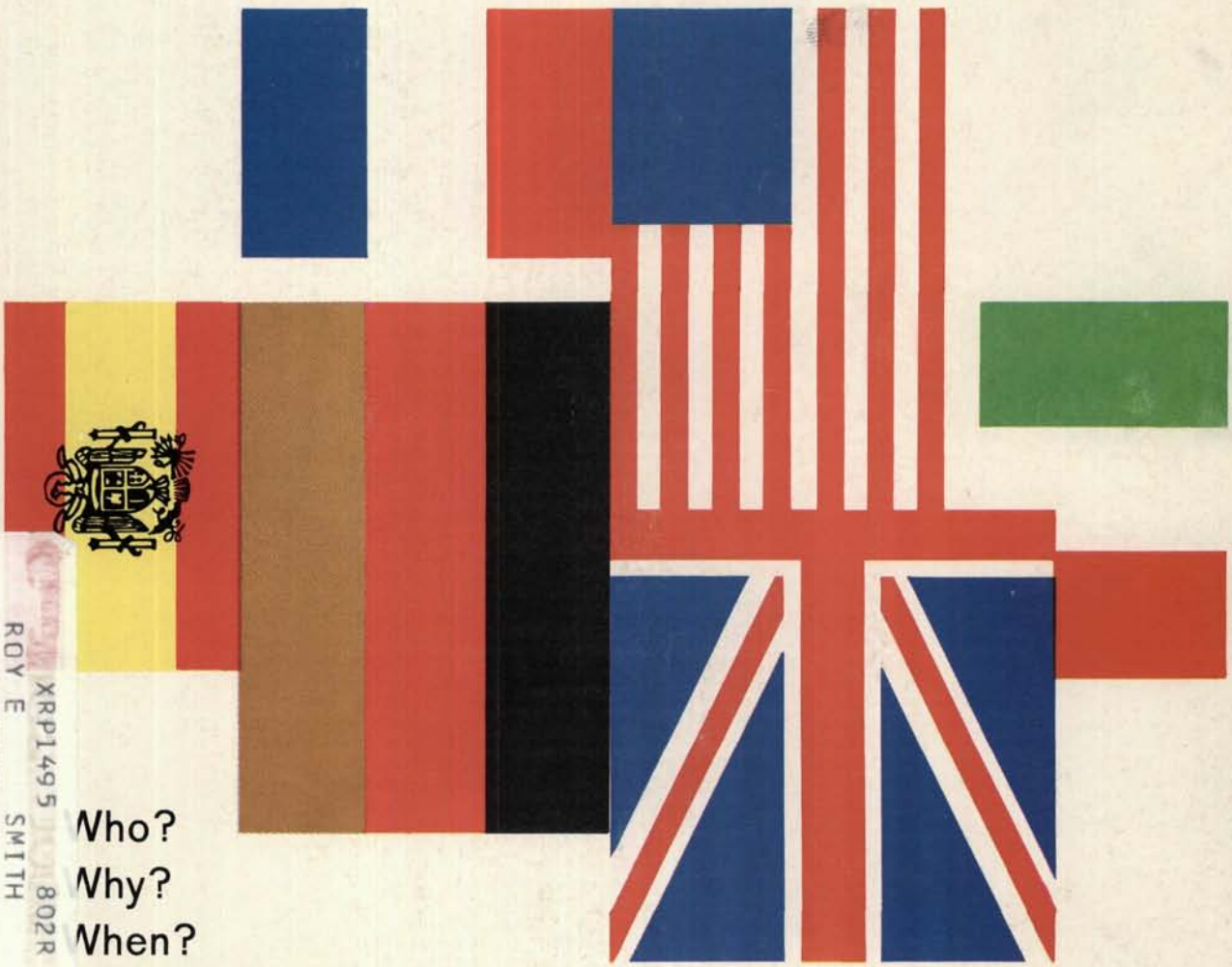

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Why?
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Where?

CONSERVATISM IN AMERICA, EUROPE

—is Plato One of Us?

ARTICLES AND REVIEWS BY Tibor Szamuely, Norman Phillips, Buckley on Meyer

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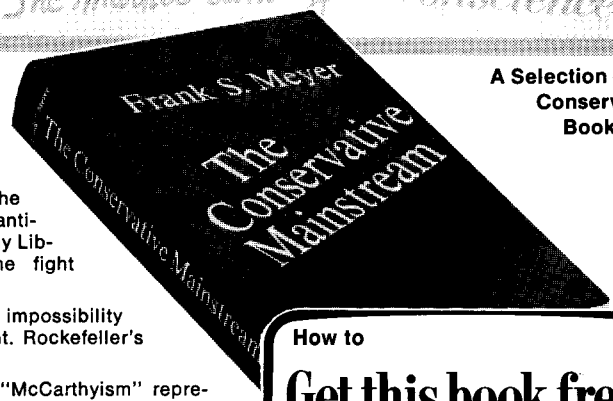

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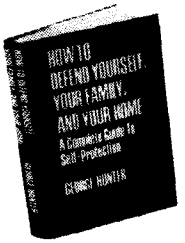

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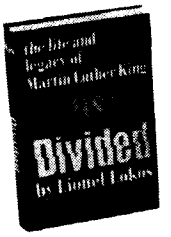

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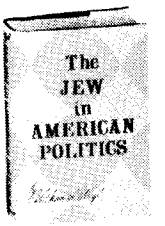

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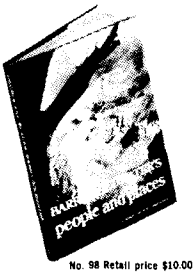

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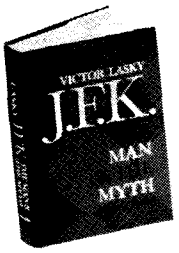

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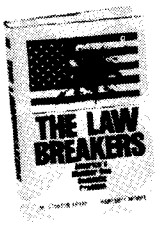

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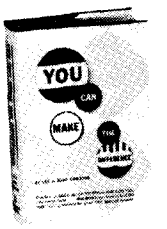

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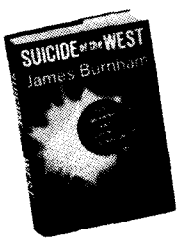

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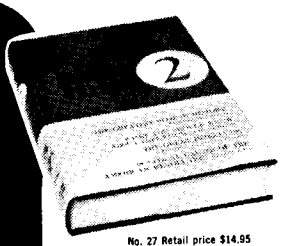

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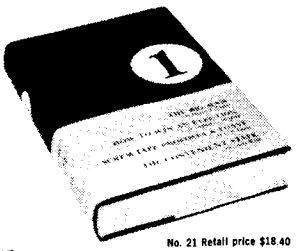

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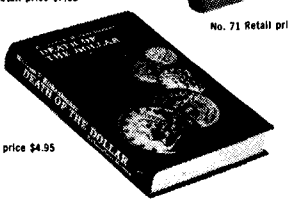

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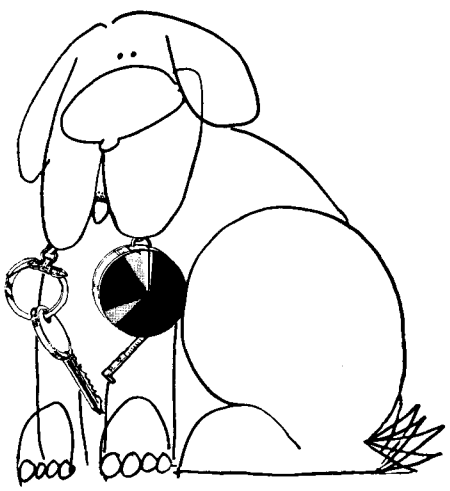

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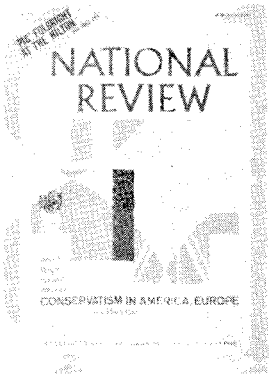
IN THIS ISSUE

■ It is casually assumed by just about everybody that intellectuals belong on the political Left the way partridges belong in pear trees. The fact that in recent history men of thought have chosen to consort almost exclusively with men of the Left means many things, but one thing it does *not* mean, in the opinion of **Tibor Szamuely**, is that they do so because a natural symbiotic relationship exists between creative thinking and progressivist doctrines. Furthermore, there is evidence, in Britain especially, to show that the old ties are breaking up, offering revitalized prospects to the Conservative Party and to the country at large. Dr. Szamuely, an academic historian who was born in Moscow of Hungarian Communist parents, is today one of England's outstanding anti-Communist *émigré* intellectuals. In Russia he went to Moscow University, served in the Red Army and later spent eighteen months in prisons and labor camps. . . . Contrary to popular belief, the intellectual Right in America encompasses so many interweaving (or else mutually estranged) systems of thought that the Chicago Society decided to commission **Norman R. Phillips** to clarify historical conservatism for its members, all of whom are dedicated to anti-collectivist principles. Mr. Phillips, whose paper appears on p. 278, is assistant professor of history and social science at Chicago City College and a contributor to *South Atlantic Quarterly*, *The Journal of Politics*, *Modern Age* and other magazines. . . . **Charles W. Wiley**, newsman, lecturer and world traveler, has just returned from a tour of both Germanys. . . . Things were going peacefully at a peace-and-brotherhood gathering in New York City, when suddenly the New Left stormed the dais. **John R. Coyne Jr.** reports.



■ Arlington House has published a collection of Frank Meyer's Principles and Heresies columns written for this magazine. **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** greets the event with comradely affection. . . . Fiction editor **Guy Davenport** pays poignant tribute to three literary oddballs. . . . A fashionably turned account of the war in Vietnam by an "I was there" journalist gets the sweatbox treatment from one who has been there longer and is there still—**Steven C. Schueller**, captain, U.S. Medical Corps, Vietnam. . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** agrees with economist Merryle Stanley Rukeyser that Big Labor may be over the hill but thinks a brisk shove, via right-to-work laws, would be good for it anyway. . . . Funny movies aren't so funny any more, but Peter Sellers can still hand film critic **Richard Corliss** a laugh. . . . And among the columnists: **James Burnham** finds a new Vietcong, **Frank S. Meyer** wonders about the Sentinel, and **Nika Standen Hazelton** knows all about wine freaks.

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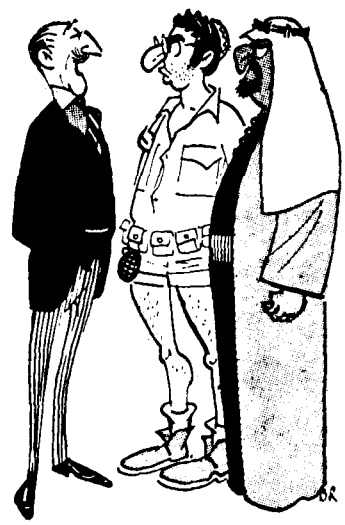
FOR THE RECORD

■ Former New York Mayor **Robert Wagner**, home from Spain, the umpteenth to hint about the Democratic nomination for Mayor. . . . Last week the **Stetson** people discontinued their policy of giving free hats to the candidates. Too many heads. . . . Washington's attitude toward the N.Y. mayoralty race now crystal clear. Direct White House source A: "White House does not support **Lindsay**;" Direct White House source B: "White House does not support **Marchi**." . . . President **Nixon** reported offering **Otto F. Otepka** $36,000 appointment to Subversive Activities Control Board. Everybody happy? . . . Veteran administrator **Frank McNamara** of HISC (in the good old days, HUAC) is being eased off the committee by new Chairman **Richard Ichord** (D., Mo.).

■ **Tom Hayden**, SDS founder, winds up his five-credit course at UC Berkeley on how to destroy social institutions (such as universities). . . . Down at **Santa Barbara** a new course "On the Tactics and Practice of Guerrilla Warfare at UCSB and in the Santa Barbara Community" is being proposed. On campus, for credit. Students will learn among other things "how to get the community involved through terrorism." . . . Dr. **S. I. Hayakawa** being studied again, this time by *Newsweek*, which attempts to figure out how best to deal with campus militants. Hayakawa's method of "attrition" is dismissed and his toughness discounted. Strangely, *Newsweek* neglects to point out he's the only president so far to deal successfully with disrupters. . . . Dr. **John Summerskill**, ex-president of San Francisco State, last year fled in terror to Ethiopia, where he was to help revamp Abyssinian higher education. This year **Haile Selassie University** was closed down indefinitely. Reason: student unrest. . . . Faculty unrest has forced the **Modern Language Association** to switch its annual convention from Chicago to Denver. Academics fear rough treatment not by Mayor Daley's police but by leftist professors. . . . The National School Public Relations Department finds demonstrations now common in junior high schools. . . . And at **Berkeley**, where bad things begin, grade schoolers are picketing those toy merchants who want to crack down on juvenile shoplifters.

■ Czechoslovakia is "the forbidden word on Capitol Hill," writes **Willard Edwards** of the *Chicago Tribune* (Nixon never mentioned it in Europe either). . . . Professor **J. L. Hromadka**, Czech holder of the Lenin Prize, says that clerics of the Lutheran Church of Eastern Germany sent apology to the people of Czechoslovakia for the armed aggression committed in their name. . . . Indian Defense Minister **Swaran Singh** worried over buildup of Chinese troops on Indian-Tibetan border. New bases and supply depots are under construction; India fears new rash of incidents if Russians and Americans reach accommodation over Vietnam. . . .



Daily Mail, London — Ben Roth Agency

"I say, chaps, why not give up these attacks for Lent?"

Captured guerrillas have told Rhodesian officials that terrorists trained in Cuba, Algeria, China and Moscow are among raiders into Mozambique and Rhodesia from staging bases in Tanzania and Zambia. . . . And Israel's Defense Minister **Moishe Dayan** claims Arab commandos are being trained in Red China.

■ Despite its blunderings in New York school dispute, **Ford Foundation** intends to press on with decentralization subsidies. . . . **McGeorge Bundy**, FF head, admits Foundation financed part of Cleveland Mayor **Carl Stokes'** campaign; gave money in the form of lavish "travel and study grants" to eight former **Robert Kennedy** campaigners. *Boston Globe* points out that business and labor are supposed to keep out of politics; why not foundations? . . . New York school crisis causing cries for law and order to ring from throats of liberals; both President of the Board of Education **John Doar** and Mayor Lindsay blaming unrest on "outside agitators." Remember how the liberals used to laugh at that one?

■ On the image front: Pollster **Mervin Field** reports 78 per cent of Californians now approve of Governor **Ronald Reagan**'s performance, up twelve points from last year. (Thank you, SDS.) 72 per cent of Californians favor immediate expulsion of campus militants. . . . Latest Gallup poll says 64 per cent of Democrats surveyed would like to see **Teddy Kennedy** become President.

■ According to *Aviation Week and Space Technology*, Russian **cosmonauts** used U.S.-made ballpoint pens on their Soyuz 4 and 5 space flights. Russia makes ballpoints, but they are used mostly as paperweights on earth and cannot function at all at zero-gravity. The Russians were offered the same 40 per cent discount on their bulk order from the **Fisher Pen Company** that it gives **NASA**.

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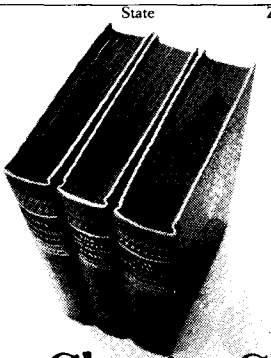

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LETTERS

How to Elect a President

Lucius Wilmerding's article on electoral reform [*NR*, Jan. 28] picks up the lament of many pontificators on the November election, describing the three-way race as certain to end in a constitutional crisis and a failure to the people.

In the first instance a *crisis* would exist if the Constitution had not anticipated and provided for the possibility of a non-majority outcome. By clearly stating that an absolute majority of electoral votes was needed *and*, in the event that no such majority was achieved, an election by the House of Representatives would take place, the Constitution places itself squarely on the ground of deliberately providing for the interest of significant minority opinion. If a third party is able to get enough electoral votes, then it should have the ability to partially determine the outcome through compromise in the House. If its strength in or with the House is small, then it will have little power in determining the House election. There is no "crisis" except in the minds of those who want to increase or decrease the ability of minority political strength to determine the election of a President.

As to any election failing the people, Mr. Wilmerding seems to believe the President should be a President of the people ("people's President") rather than the states' President ("President of the United States"). The Founding Fathers wanted a President chosen by the states rather than one chosen by the people, by congressional districts, by the majority party, or even chosen by the man himself. He was to be chosen by the majority of the states (revised to give little states more voice) because the President was supposed to concern himself with matters between the states or above the states. It is only our leftward bias that has allowed our states' President to involve himself so deeply in the states' internal affairs that he must count the number of cherries in a pie or measure the depth of tread on a tire or argue after every "close" election (popular vote, of course) that the election system contains the seeds of a "crisis" and is greatly in need of "reform."

W. Sacramento, Cal. ROGER B. MILLS

Although it is hard to take issue with a man by the name of Wilmerding, I don't think that his particular brand of "snake oil" is the panacea he claims.

Apparently Wilmerding thinks that we should abandon the Electoral College because of a belief that a conservative (?) majority might transistorily prevail in a

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Presidential plebiscite and run-off. This is hardly sufficient reason to abandon an institution that has served us at least as well as, shall we say, the Supreme Court, the Congress, the Presidency.

It is not a constitutional crisis that we need fear but a national crisis for survival. An Electoral College, constitutionally free to exercise its judgment for the national welfare in time of crisis, is a safer guardian of our destiny than the madness of the electorate. Nor will selection by them of a candidate with less than a popular plurality, given reasonable stability otherwise and no wide divergence of aims in the national parties, create a serious national problem as history has proven. A failure to exercise their judgment when a time of peril prevails otherwise could well mean destruction of our institutions.

The argument that a national plebiscite (the only change possible politically) will not destroy our national parties places form above substance, as such a change will eventually cause abolition of selection of candidates in state and national conventions in favor of primaries. The opportunities for restraint, the preservation of large conservative elements in our national parties, the opportunities to battle for the status quo, will all be swept aside when this comes to pass.

If a general ticket system in the respective states gives disproportionate power to the winners in large states, what assurance do we have that these same irrational minorities could not control the outcome nationally or that their influence would be less pervasive? I doubt that previous elections demonstrate that these groups can always (or ever) carry sufficient large states against the prevailing mood of the nation at large in such convincing manner as to justify such radical reforms, or that such reforms would prevent the occurrence feared.

In any event, if the general ticket is wrong, let's eliminate the general ticket, not the Electoral College. As Wilmerding points out, under the Constitution there is ample room for experiment and change on the part of the states in selection of electors. Why not leave it to them?

The remedy is not so plain or the evil so clear that a national reform of the Electoral College is justified.

Seguin, Tex. A. J. SAEGERT

I believe there is a flaw in Lucius Wilmerding's generally excellent article on Electoral College reform. In his discussion of the proposal for election of the President by a plurality of the total national popular vote, Mr. Wilmerding seems to overlook the fact that, unless accompanied by a change establishing uniform nationwide rules of eligibility for voting for Presidents, the proposal would have very unfair consequences. The Constitution, of course, leaves the matter of eligibility to vote for Presidential electors to the states, and there is great variety

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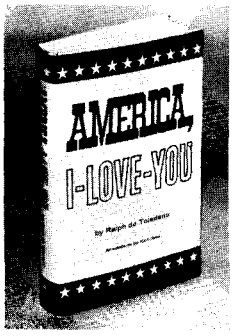

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among the states in this respect. For example, a few states permit eighteen year olds, or others under age twenty-one, to vote. Such states would have an advantage over the majority which require attainment of age twenty-one. Eligibility varies among the states in numerous other respects, e.g. the length of residence required, the effect of moving from one locality to another within the state, the frequency of renewal of registration, if any, the rights of aliens who have taken out their first papers to vote, the liberality and practical effectiveness of absentee voting, etc.

Perhaps direct popular election of the President would lead to virtual uniformity on the basis of the most liberal rules, those that would produce the largest popular vote in each state. This is hardly to be regarded as a desirable result. Otherwise, uniform rules mandated by Congress seems to be the only answer. This alternative is also seriously questionable. Certainly those of use who are concerned about the attrition of the rights of the states will not be favorably disposed to this alternative, especially since it would inevitably lead to federal rules of eligibility for voting in all elections because of the practical impossibility of enforcing one set of requirements for voting for President and another set of requirements for voting for other offices to be filled at the same election.

Mr. Wilmerding is clearly correct in warning that proposals for Electoral College reform should be studied carefully. The study should include consideration of their perhaps unintended side effects.

Bronxville, N.Y. STUART MCCARTHY

Lucius Wilmerding Replies:

The visceral response of some of your readers to my article on electoral reform is very interesting, for it indicates to how great a degree the concepts of Right and Left have replaced those of right and wrong as criteria for judging specific proposals.

Mr. Mills has correctly deduced the basic, almost axiomatic idea from which I start, to wit, that the Presidency should rest squarely on the great foundation of the people. I have supported it in my various writings by showing that the same idea was held by the men who framed our Constitution, by those who adopted it, and by those who first put it into execution. Mr. Mills, however, is of the opinion that the President should be the man of the states, and also looks to the Founding Fathers for support. But where can he find it? In the Federal Convention several proposals were made to commit the election of the President to the weighted votes of the state legislatures or state executives, but they were looked upon with almost universal disfavor—partly because it was felt that a President so chosen would not command the confidence of the people, and partly because it was considered

(Continues on p. 295)

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THE WEEK

■ Shhh. Lower your voice. The West is sleeping.

■ A young man chooses Princeton, wrote Scott Fitzgerald, "because at seventeen the furies that whip on American youth have become too coercive for his taste. He wants something quieter, mellower, less exigent." This he finds at Princeton, said Fitzgerald, for Princeton "preserves so much of what is fair, gracious, charming and honorable in American life." But that was in another country, and besides the wench is dead. To the Princeton of the present no one would apply adjectives like fair, gracious, charming and honorable. Today Princeton is becoming just another liberal joint: acrimonious, ritualistic, puritanical—in the modern way—with a highly selective moralism. President Goheen, bending to the escalating effrontery of the campus Left, has announced that Princeton will henceforth refuse to invest in any corporation doing its principal business in South Africa. But this is not enough for the Left: no sooner had this concession been announced than the Left occupied a building, demanding that Princeton sell all stock it owns in any company doing any business with South Africa. Companies doing business with the Soviet Union, are, of course, OK.

■ The Department of Health, Education and Welfare, rushing in where university presidents fear to tread, has issued a new directive reminding all parties concerned that black dormitories, classrooms and other facilities from which white students are excluded are counter to the law of the land. Either they will open to all races, creeds, etc. or they will not get any of the federal subventions without which university facilities don't exist nowadays. Before you know it, the Supreme Court will have to hand down a decision on *Black* v. *Board of Trustees.*

■ Just how far campus radicals are willing to go was demonstrated by events last week at the San Francisco State Battleground: 1) A black student, in the act of planting a bomb in, of all things, the Creative Arts Building, had the thing go off in his face, blinding him and blowing off his hands. The black campus leadership immediately characterized him as the innocent victim of a racist society. 2) Professor John Bunzel, the liberal chairman of the political science department, has become the target of radical rage for daring to criticize a black studies program. A bomb was left outside his office, his home is under police guard, his classes are interrupted by screaming demonstrators: "Fascist Pig Bunzel." Interestingly enough, Bunzel is the author of *Anti-Politics in America: Reflections on the Anti-Political Temper and its Distortion of the Democratic Process* (1967), pp. 32-90 of which deal with right-wing distortions; pp. 91-129, rather more briefly, with those from the Left. In a revised edition, the section on the Left will perhaps be enlarged. And, come to think of it, we haven't been hearing much lately about all those books by Professors MacIver, Bell, Hofstader, et al., about the violence and irrationalism of the American Right. Have they obsolesced, so soon?

■ Apollo 9 has paved the way for the most exciting era in American history since the opening of the West. The moon and the planets are about to be visited and explored, and in the lifetime of our campus rioters. There are carpers and debunkers, of course, who no doubt are more excited by urban renewal than by a visit to Mars. Such types are not to be argued with. Suffice to say that, obvious military considerations aside, America is for the first time in nearly a century embarked on an adventure worthy of its national ideals.

■ The philosopher Henri Bergson detected as important to the comic principle the element of mechanicalness—rigidity, predictability, repetitiveness are funny because the man who exhibits them has fallen below the freedom of rationality, has defected from the unpredictability of living and thinking beings. Well, wind up Jimmy Wechsler, the defected editor of the *New York Post*, and watch him, whrrr, click, move—hummmm: "Now, just a few weeks before the thirtieth anniversary of the destruction of the Spanish republic, Gen. Franco is once again waging war against large numbers of Spanish freedom-fighters, and the U.S. is on the verge of a decision that could help bail him out—as our 'non-intervention' policy did in that earlier tragedy. . . . For some of us Spain evokes peculiarly poignant emotions; many of our contemporaries died there when the Spanish republic vainly fought for its life against Hitler's and Mussolini's legions." Whrrr, click, click. Surprise: Wechsler is against our having bases in Spain. Now, rewind for Greece. Whrrr. . . .

■ John Lindsay: Hawk. New York City, you'll be glad to hear, now has a foreign policy, and a very hard-line one at that. Launching his campaign for re-election, Mayor Lindsay addressed himself firmly to what he evidently regards as the City's outstanding problem: not the school controversy, not the welfare mess, not the fiscal trauma, the traffic snarl, or garbage collection, but—the Middle East. And Lindsay turns out to be a Hawk in full cry, rampant, a combination of Hannibal and Curt LeMay. The United States, said he, must "stand up [*pace* George Wallace] in defense of the State of Israel." Lindsay also—no kidding—denounced the UN. We are puzzled by all this hawkishness. Has Lindsay become a captive of the military-industrial complex?

■ Nuclear weapons being Bad, and détente being Good, it is all but impossible to be against the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty. President Nixon, to be sure, viewed it with suspicion during his campaign, but now that he

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is in office he supports it—even though Soviet aggression in Vietnam, the Middle East and Europe has escalated, not diminished, since last fall. About the only active voice in the halls of Congress against the Treaty is that of Senator Goldwater, who raises the interesting objection that the Treaty might well increase, not diminish, the possibility of nuclear war—because of the danger that under the Treaty's terms the United States will be called upon to "guarantee the security of the approximately one hundred non-nuclear states that are expected to sign the Treaty," by any means up to and including the use of, yes, nuclear weapons. In other words, the Treaty may make us more of a world policeman than ever, while denying us the opportunity to decide whom we will protect and how, and denying us, too, the opportunity to consider our own interests.

■ Deep behind the public hearings on the *Pueblo* seizure a bitter dispute is racking the Pentagon, the Central Intelligence Agency and the National Security Agency. In testifying that the intelligence officer and 38 enlisted men behind the triple lock "were not working for me," Commander Lloyd Bucher has heated to boiling point the Navy's—and her sister services'—accumulated resentments against the free-wheeling intelligence agencies. CIA Director Richard Helms was panicked into an unprecedented sort of public statement: "Neither the CIA, nor I personally, have had anything to do with the mission of the *USS Pueblo*, the ship itself or any of her crew." This seemed to finger the NSA, and got the NSA people, also, furious against Helms. Whether Helms was telling the truth or not, he is the Central Intelligence Director with a general responsibility for *all* intelligence operations. Helms is also, it is not forgotten in high places, a Democratic appointee. The rumor runs that he may soon be tossed to the wolves.

■ In both 1964 and 1966, Carlos Fuentes, a prominent Mexican anti-American and leftist ideologue who, besides his other graces, is a novelist, was admitted to the United States under a waiver issued by the Attorney General. Recently, he was denied permission to leave his boat and enter San Juan, an action of such vast intolerance that Senator Fulbright has expressed Anger. He has urged the Nixon administration to a) *in*clude Mr. Fuentes in the American dream and b) *ex*clude from the immigration laws political restrictions which, in the past, have prevented certain foreign artists, writers and intellectuals from entering the country. Fulbright adds that his Committee might very well hold hearings on the matter. Considering what we already have to contend with—the SDS, the Black Panthers, the Resistance, the Renaissance, the Hippies, the Yippies, the New Left, the Old Left, etc. etc. etc.—to worry about the presence of Fuentes makes little sense. Let's trade Eldridge Cleaver for him.

■ The international routes opened up by Aeroflot, the Soviet airline, are often sensitive indicators of Soviet political thrusts. A year ago Aeroflot began its first service to Africa with flights to Dar-es-Salaam, Tanzania. Late this month Aden will be added to the touch-down cities. In the spring, Aswan will become a stop on the route from Moscow through Cairo that has Mogadiscio, Somali Republic as its southern terminus.

■ The announcement that Mr. Nixon is going to be President of *all* the people has brought cautious cheer to the hearts of Republicans.

Who's Hungry? And for What?

Hunger, we are told with mounting stridency, is as American as apple pie. Led by George McGovern, grave-faced senators are touring the rural slums of south Florida; next month they will expose hunger in the urban slums of Washington D.C. Such old-line Southern Democrats in the Senate as Ernest Hollings of South Carolina and Herman Talmadge of Georgia are crusading against hunger in their home states; others, like John Stennis (Mississippi) and Allan Ellender (Louisiana), while not exactly crusading yet, readily admit that hunger exists back home and that steps must be taken. The Department of Agriculture has discovered hunger; Robert Finch's HEW wants to take the problem over, and there are rumors that the war on hunger will be President Nixon's answer to the war on poverty. Suddenly it seems that people are starving, children are growing up stunted in mind and body, diseases once thought conquered—rickets, pellagra, goiter—are back and on the rise. Biafra-style photographs emphasizing matchstick limbs and distended bellies are the vogue; editorial cartoonists draw skeletal hands holding forth empty bowls.

The average well-fed citizen is bewildered, and understandably so. Where, he wonders, did all this hunger come from, seemingly overnight? Wasn't it only yesterday that we were worried about our burgeoning farm surpluses? Haven't we vast programs for the relief of poverty? And, finally, aren't we the richest, healthiest nation in the world? Bewilderment gives way either to denial of the existence of the problem, or (more often) to a process of successive empathy, embarrassment, guilt and anger, culminating in an urgently-felt need to Do Something. The citizen's elected representatives display these same reactions (and know a bandwagon when they see one) and so, against some doubts and opposition, *something* doubtless will be done.

Like "poverty" and "civil rights" and "integration" before it, "hunger" is a slippery, vague, open-ended word; more than any of its predecessors, it is loaded with emotional impact. Typically, newspaper coverage begins, in the headlines, with "hunger"; only well into the story does it become clear that what is usually at issue is malnutrition, disease or ignorance. Preliminary studies of 12,000 Americans living in low-income areas found exactly seven people suffering from marasmus (severe caloric deficiency) or kwashiorkor (severe protein deficiency). Of the 17 per cent of the sample found

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to be "real medical risks," most suffered from dental caries (correctible by fluoride application), enlarged thyroid (correctible by the use of tiny amounts of iodized salt), night blindness (lack of Vitamin A), rickets (lack of Vitamin D) and other easily treatable deficiency syndromes. The stunted growth and mental retardation that so shock the senators and newsmen are due not to lack of food, but lack of the right kind of food. The U.S. Public Health Service doctor who supervised the survey told Senator McGovern's Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs that "ignorance of diet" is a "major factor" in his findings. Then there is the handily scarifying problem of parasitic worms that infest the stomach and intestine so that, as a *New Republic* writer agonizes, "when food is swallowed it's a question of who gets it, child or worm." Now, worms are not a hunger problem, they are a sanitation problem and they do not confine themselves to the poor: one Southerner in three has worms at some time in his life; Senator Ellender had them as a boy. A principal cause of worms is the fact that children in the South, of all classes, go barefoot a lot. Among the Southern poor they are especially troublesome because of the frequent absence of indoor plumbing.

The hunger warriors will ignore at their peril the fact that lack of *proper* food is a problem very different from lack of food period. It is, face it, easier and more exciting to talk about "hunger" than about malnutrition. It is easier to blame "hunger" on lack of money than to blame malnutrition on ignorance, indifference, stubbornness or the persistence of improper eating habits. It is easiest of all to appropriate large sums to "fight" "hunger" and hardest of all to try to unravel the intricate skein of circumstances that causes some Americans to be undernourished.

To ABM Or Not To ABM?

ABM . . . monetary crisis . . . Mideastern blowup . . . new Chief Justice . . . surtax expiration . . . enemy offensive in Vietnam. . . . The political scientists do not exaggerate when they stress the enormity of the psychic weight this nation imposes on its Chief Executives. Public issues of vast moment tumble over each other in their rush to the Presidential desk. Each of them demands, and must be given, a Presidential decision. Small wonder that on the looming questions Mr. Nixon has held back his deciding verdicts while he settled into the command post and had some chance to survey the surrounding terrain from that vantage point. As we go to press he has not yet announced the decision, already delayed beyond his promise to the press, on the first major candidate, the ABM. This too is understandable, nor will it be surprising if that decision, when it comes, will not be a final closing of options.

Presidential decisions are unlike the decisions of private citizens not merely by the vastly greater extent of their consequences but in their multiple dimensions. The ABM decision cannot rest simply on the technical and military merits of the proposed Sentinel system. It must take into account the bearing of the alternatives on global political relations, with friends as well as opponents; the effect, one way or the other, on the domestic economy; the opinions of the President's staff and of the military; the state of mind of Congress, of his party (of which he is *ex officio* leader) and of the citizens in general. And, naturally, he will also take into account its bearing on his own standing and future.

With respect to most of the greater issues, such as ABM and those others listed at the beginning of this meditation, it is or should be clear that the totality of relevant considerations is too complicated to permit objective certainty. This is of course the reason why intelligent, well-informed and honorable men can disagree on these issues, and what makes the problem all the more agonizing for the final decider—since he knows in his heart, no matter how complete and prolonged the studies, briefings and discussions, that he is not certain his decision is right. Nevertheless, though uncertain he must choose. The decision is unavoidable, because even a seeming no-decision is in a reality a choice. By not yet ordering any special response to the enemy's new offensive in Vietnam, the President is in reality deciding to continue the present strategy as is; and this decision, like any other, has its necessary consequences for better or worse. So also in holding up a "final choice" on the ABM, or in doing nothing about the Middle East.

Thus we citizens cannot get for our nation guaranteed ideal decisions. Actually, a political decision is not in any case a static thing; how it is reached and what is done with it in the process of carrying it out may be much more important than its formal content. We shall be learning in the new few months not merely what basic decisions Mr. Nixon is going to make as President, but whether he will be able to make them, and we, the citizens, receive them, in a way that restores to the na-

Straight Talk

If I were Strom (of course I'm *not*)
But if I were, I tell you what
I'd do: I'd see The Man and say,
"Excuse me, but there's some dismay
About the way you're running things."
Of course, I'd never mention *strings*,
But, heck, I see no reason why
I shouldn't up and tell the guy
(If I were Strom) that I'm the Joe
Who did it at the Fontainebleau.
"Before the folks start acting rude,
You'd better show some gratitude!"
That's what I'd say (if I were Strom)
And now's the time to drop the bomb.

W. H. VON DREELE

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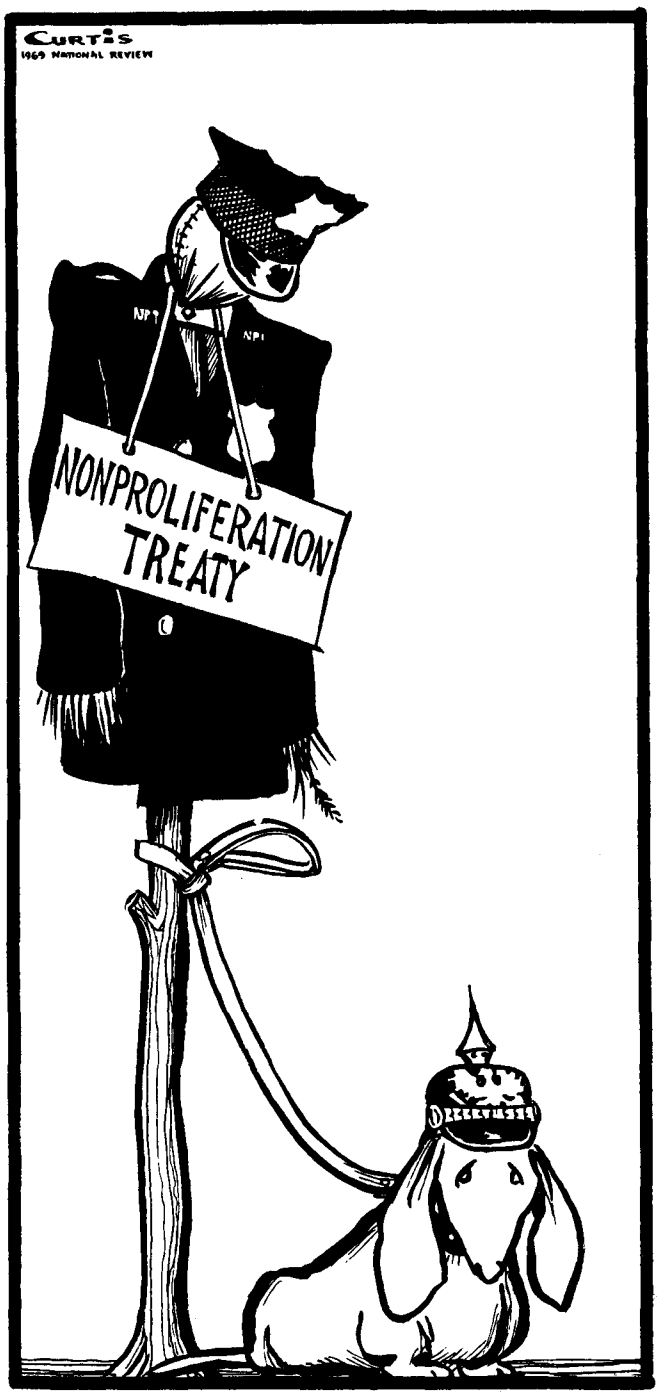
tion—so badly damaged by Mr. Johnson's failure as decider—a sufficient sense of community and civic purpose.

Objection, Your Honors

It was a bad fortnight for American jurisprudence. In New Orleans, District Attorney James Garrison, after seeing his case against Clay Shaw summarily, even contemptuously, rejected by the jury, had the effrontery to begin filing perjury charges against the vindicated defendant for statements he had made on the stand. Garrison's performance throughout this entire affair has been a disgrace to the public office he holds and to the American legal tradition.



Of limited value

Before the trial began, Garrison spun his fanciful theories out over TV, in *Playboy* Magazine, and in numerous interviews with reporters. The theories changed from time to time, the number of conspirators varied between two and fifteen, but this did not bother Garrison or his apologist Mark Lane. The trial proved that Garrison had nothing but wind, and had been using the case to further his own ambition and his vendetta against the Warren Commission. Meanwhile the farce had gone on at great public expense, and involved cruel inconvenience, not to mention heavy expense, for Clay Shaw.

The American Bar Association has asked for an investigation; a private organization, the Metropolitan Crime Commission, is preparing a civil suit which could oust him from office; and Clay Shaw himself is preparing legal action against his tormentor. We can only wish well to these efforts to punish Garrison for so irresponsible a use of his office.

In Memphis, the trial of James Earl Ray has come to a muffled and unsatisfactory conclusion with his plea of guilty and 99-year sentence—leaving unanswered what exactly happened, as well as the larger question of whether, and if so by whom, Ray was hired. The crime itself, for which little plausible motivation was demonstrated as far as Ray is concerned, and the details of his flight to Canada and to England, strongly suggest—on the basis of the meager evidence the public has been allowed to share—that Ray was not a solo operator. But the prosecution, which had an airtight case against him, mysteriously bargained away its best inducement for the extraction of further information: the threat of execution. Was Ray hired by racists—black or white? Might the shooting of King have been a deliberate provocation? We may never know. Much as in the trial of Sirhan, which psychologizes away out in Los Angeles, the judicial process operated to obscure precisely these elements in the case which are of supreme public importance.

Campus Backlash

Everyone's jumping on the bandwagon now. It used to be just Ronald Reagan, S. I. Hayakawa and some other scattered Neanderthals who found fault with the leftist crusade to destroy America's universities, but now Max Lerner, Evans and Novak, the Harvard faculty, John Lindsay and even a hundred Columbia professors have joined up.

Surely it is a relief to learn that liberal minds are not so far gone as to be unable to conceive revolution except as an innocent act of free speech. It is less assuring to read how the liberals justify their own demands for order on the campuses. The Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame and first of the new recruits, argued

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in February that unless university administrators police their own campuses, real police will, and that would be a "rebirth of fascism." This was the analysis needed to enlist liberals in the good fight because for liberals, as the liberal axiom goes, the main enemy is always to the Right. The liberals have been baffled by their axiom, immobilized by New Left violence, and are swinging into action now only because Hesburgh has invented the required rightist specter.

If campus disruptions now subside, as all believers in the academic process hope they will, the latecomers will get the praise. Already, in a March 12 front-page headline, the *New York Post* proclaims in 120-point type, "LINDSAY: JAIL SCHOOL REBELS." But the real credit for stemming the tide of revolution will belong to the few stalwart professors, like Dr. Hayakawa, and the brave students who are standing up against the young totalitarians and demanding the right to study. Already scores of moderate-to-right student organizations, many of them modeled after Columbia's courageous "Majority Coalition," have sprung up across the country, and it will be their duty to see that the campuses are run as they should be. The great majority of their professors still do not choose to understand whence the real danger comes.

Verrry Interesting

The Census Bureau is apparently worried that its long and intrusive sociological questionnaire of 1970 will get the populace up in arms. So—a full year before the household survey is to be administered—a gigantic propaganda campaign seems to be warming up.

One of the top Public Information Officers of the Census Bureau has been making the rounds of newspaper offices and syndication firms urging that the idea of respectful (not to say slavish) cooperation with the household survey be insinuated into the popular "family-type" comic strips that appeal to scores of millions of readers in all walks of life.

Information concerning the nefarious activities of the Census Bureau in trying to soften up the population has come to the attention of the National Right to Privacy Committee (Vance Packard and William Rickenbacker, co-chairmen), and chances are that the Committee will bring the whole scheme to the attention of Congress.

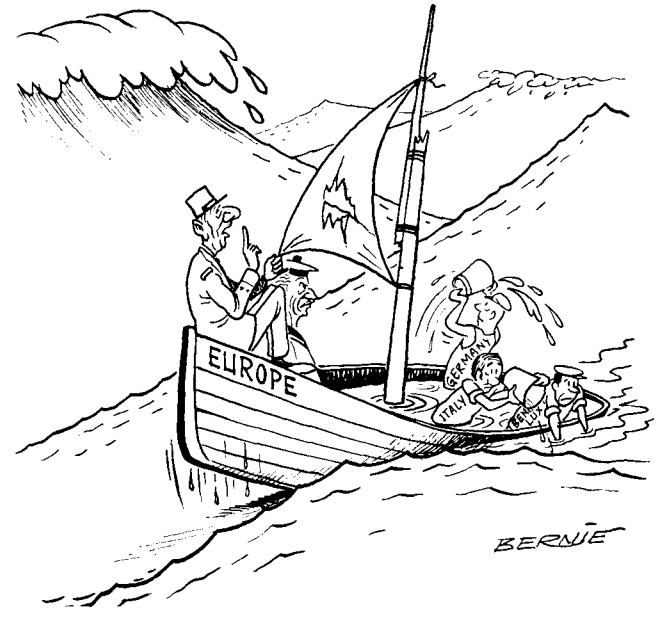
Congressman Jackson Betts of Ohio, in particular, has been spearheading the campaign to provide for voluntary reply to questions not directly related to the Constitutional requirement of a decennial enumeration of the people, and we are willing to bet that he'll be interested to know that the Census Bureau is so ashamed of the forthcoming inquisition that it has resorted to furtive attempts at mass manipulation and thought control to prepare the way for this impending horror. More than a hundred congressmen are supporting the movement for voluntary response in the Census Bureau's sociological surveys. If your congressman isn't on the bandwagon yet, give him a push.

What About Marijuana?

Smoking marijuana is both a physical and a symbolic act. For many, a smoke provides pleasure; for most smokers today, however, the symbolism is equally or even more important. Smoking marijuana is one of the rituals of the modern anti-culture, the central intention of which is political: to outrage, and if possible subvert, the ethos of the surrounding society. This goal, unlike that of the traditional revolutionary, is purely negative and disintegrative.

The physical effects of drug use have a good deal of congruence with these symbolic and political meanings. Social suicide, withdrawal from the real world, characterizes all the drug experiences of the young. This common feature explains why legal codes, often in the same paragraph, proscribe marijuana, a non-addictive and perhaps not physically dangerous drug, and heroin, a highly addictive drug that destroys the body. But such evaluation is being questioned with increasing stridency. Young people, and some not so young, are arguing that actual physical damage should be the only criterion for outlawing drugs, and they are behaving in accordance with their arguments. Almost 40 per cent of all college students have tried drugs, according to a recent survey by the College Poll, and almost all of these restrict themselves to marijuana. They explain the rise in marijuana consumption (more freshmen than seniors are smoking it) and the coincident drop in LSD consumption by pointing to medical reports that show that marijuana is less harmful than alcohol while LSD can damage the brain.

On the basis of these findings, many students and their supporters argue for the legalization of marijuana. To say that marijuana is less harmful than alcohol is to ignore, among other things, the qualitative difference in the sensations induced. Most people use alcohol because it helps them to function in the real world. In the busi-



"No need to worry—it's their end that's sinking."

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THRICE UPON A TIME, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody.* Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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ness of journalism, for example, the heaviest drinkers are usually the rewrite men and police reporters, whose jobs are so boring and routinized that men who once dreamed of being James Reston probably could not perform them were it not for the solace of alcohol. Marijuana and other hallucinogens do not simply relax the mind. They capture it, freeing it from the everyday world, creating a new world that is not real. Allen Ginsberg, who wants marijuana legalized, once complained curiously that young people today use drugs "without integration of the visions into their daily lives." Exactly.

Those promoting the legalization of marijuana would dismiss such evidence as irrelevant, contending that since marijuana is non-addictive, the pot smoker can quit any time he feels he's getting out of touch with the world. But this argument again is based only on physical fact and ignores the greater psychological implications of marijuana use. That alcohol is the accepted drug of the realistic, organized West and cannabis the drug of the mystical, fragmented, introspective East is no accident. The West is what it is because the civilizers felt a responsibility to forgo isolation and create a social fabric. The attractions of a Maharishi Mahesh Yogi or a permanent pot high are great, perhaps increasingly great as society becomes more complex, but Western man has traditionally eschewed this temptation because of his sense of affirmative mission. Legalization of marijuana would surely encourage younger generations not to do the same, for already there are thousands of affluent young people who, though not physically addicted to drugs, have chosen them as a way of life and thereby committed social suicide.

Whether marijuana should be outlawed depends ultimately on society's conception of the responsibility of the individual. If, as strong civil libertarians would maintain, the individual is responsible to society only in the sense that he must not injure others directly, then marijuana should probably be legalized. If, as others, both conservatives and liberals, would contend, the individual has a positive responsibility to mold, change and participate in society, then marijuana should remain outlawed.

Rites of Spring

In a protest against Sexual Segregation, one hundred young ladies from Barnard College moved their bodies, their books and their pillows into two men's dormitories at Columbia College for a Sleep-In (in rooms especially prepared for them by the sympathetic young men). Suitably impressed by the three-day yawn, Dr. Carl F. Hovde, Dean of Columbia College, announced that in all probability the two schools would begin an "experiment" in coeducational living next fall. After all, said one sweet thing, "Psychologically and educationally, it is a more natural way to live. When you isolate people you only accentuate the differences."

Meanwhile, only several tip-toed steps away at Union Theological Seminary up the street, federal agents seized a 25-year-old draft resister in the James Memorial Chapel as he attended a "sanctuary of conscience" service designed to "give meaning and perspective" to the arrest. The young man with the ironic name of David Hawk refused to be inducted into the armed forces last July and since then has served as . . . Vietnam and Draft Director for the National Student Association. Of course, statements of support were read at the service, among which were those of Senators Eugene McCarthy, George McGovern, Mark Hatfield and former Senator Ernest Gruening of Alaska. The principal speaker was naturally the Rev. William Sloane Coffin Jr. of Yale. The decorations, under the supervision of Dr. John T. Bennett, President of the Seminary, were adorable and really, *everybody* was there. Thus begin the Rites of Spring on Morningside Heights.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill: I like the picture of you on the jacket of your book. I wonder if you would object to my ordering a copy of the original from the photographer—and perhaps inscribing it for me? Best, Barbara Robinson.

Dear Barbara: I saw your letter of two weeks ago only today and I rushed to write Miss Eastman to tell her to send you anything you want. I'd love the opportunity to inscribe the photograph and perhaps you'll let me do that the next time I'm in San Francisco. Affectionate greetings, Bill.

Dear Bill: My very best thanks for making the arrangement with Miss Eastman for the photograph. I can't tell you how pleased I am. I intend to put it in a beautiful frame on the piano in the living room so that all our friends and guests will have an opportunity, possibly the first in their lives, to gaze on the portrait of an honorable man. And weep. Incidentally, our daughter is thrilled—you are very high on her list of heroes, about third in line, I would guess, behind Dana Rohrabacher and Phil Luce. Affectionately, Barbara.

Dear Bill: About that picture, what happened was Miss Eastman didn't have a copy of the one I wanted, the one on the cover. And she did a good job of convincing me I really didn't want that one anyway. Fine for the book, she said, but otherwise too stern. But she happened to have another one on hand that she was sure I would like even more, much more pleasant, etc. I mentioned that you had offered to inscribe it, then she

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said since the one she had was probably a little larger than what I had in mind, it would be simpler if she sent it over to you first, before sending it on to me. That was *all* I knew about it.

Bill, believe me, I didn't ask for or expect anything so elegant. When it arrived I was down with the flu and in a perfectly rotten state of mind anyway and I don't mind telling you I shed a few tears of embarrassment. Good Lord! One doesn't go around brazenly asking for something like that; and it is hardly the sort of thing you normally pass out to your fans. I mean, it must be ten square yards in size. I decided that as soon as I felt better I'd pack it up and send it back to Miss E. with my thanks, but please could I just have a little old 8 x 10 glossy. . .

But now back at 98.6, things don't seem quite so dreary. I have now decided that if you didn't approve of my having it, *you* could have returned it to Miss E. But you didn't, even though you wrote on it that you were not in any way responsible for "this behemoth." So I shall keep it and enjoy it—each and every square yard of it. After all, it does solve the problem of what would I save first if the house were on fire, something I've always puzzled over. And for years now we haven't had a picture in our house of anyone from KRLA, not since the children got tired of the Beatles. . . . Barbara.

Dear Barbara: That is the funniest letter I ever read. Your description of the receipt of that behemoth is for the ages. Miss Eastman is a lovely woman—very talented, and of a passionate generosity. How she makes a living I do not know. I have gone there twice to pose for book jackets and the next thing I know I am inundated by pictures of all shapes and sizes and she absolutely refuses to send me a bill. I don't know what to do with her. But she has given me a lot of pleasure —not least for having midwifed your letter. Bill.

Dear Bill: Since you found my account of the receipt of the behemoth so amusing, perhaps you will enjoy this account of the return of the behemoth. It may prove even funnier, though I admit my own sense of humor has been severely strained the past few days.

First you must understand that I did not realize Miss Eastman was anything other than an ordinary photographer. I had no way of knowing she was so renowned, or that her clients were all such famous people, or that accordingly, her prices were extraordinary. Also, during the conversation I had with her, when I inquired briefly about the price of the picture, her reply was sort of, "Let me think. . . I can't recall the exact size. . . oh, dear, I just can't think clearly today. . ." Somehow we never got back to the subject of the price. When I saw it, I of course realize immediately that it was an expensive picture, but even then I wasn't too concerned. I have a little pin money coming from a month of jury duty, so I figured if it cost anywhere up to a couple hundred, I could manage it. My husband and I agreed it would certainly be worth that and $100 to $200 seems to be about the going price for a color portrait of that size from most photographers.

Then I received the bill from Miss Eastman: $900. That, she explained, is a considerable discount since it was something she had already made up. The list price is actually $1500.

Now, Bill, it isn't that I don't feel $900 worth of devotion for you. It's just that if I had $900 to express that devotion, I would prefer to do so in some other way, like a larger contribution to NATIONAL REVIEW's annual fund appeal, for instance. Quite honestly, my mind cannot conceive of any photograph of anyone, by anyone, in terms of $1500, or even $900. It makes me dizzy. I had already sent it out to be framed—by a good conservative UROC friend, by the way—so I called him immediately (he had just finished it) and asked him to unframe it and for heaven's sake lock it in the safe until I could get by to pick it up. Then my husband took it to a mailing service and had it crated and insured like a Rembrandt and shipped back to Miss Eastman yesterday.

Fortunately, during our conversation she had said that since it wasn't the exact one of the Bantam book that I had originally inquired about, if I wasn't entirely pleased with it I could return it. Also (bless you!) the inscription was only on the mat, so it can be remounted. I have of course written to Miss Eastman and told her I will gladly pay for the remounting and any other expense she has incurred. After all, it was my responsibility to ascertain the price, not hers to inquire as to whether or not I could afford such a luxury.

So that's it. I can only hope Miss Eastman will understand my ignorance. Other than the pain of having to part with it, my only problem now is how to fit a paperback book cover into the lovely gigantic empty frame I now own. . . . Barbara.

BARBARA ROBINSON, SAN FRANCISCO: HORRIFIED BY YOUR EXPERIENCE. COULDN'T AGREE WITH YOU MORE. THAT KIND OF DOUGH IS RATHER FOR ORIGINAL REMBRANDTS THAN CONTEMPORARY POLEMICISTS. EASTMAN GAVE ME LARGE PICTURE I TUCKED AWAY SOMEWHERE WHICH I AM SENDING YOU WITHOUT INVOICE. BILL

WM F BUCKLEY JR., NEW YORK: PLEASE DON'T SEND ME ANOTHER PICTURE. I COULDN'T STAND IT. MISS EASTMAN CALLED THIS MORNING AND WE AGREED ON THE SHAPE OF THE TABLE. SHE IS QUOTE OF A PASSIONATE GENEROSITY UNQUOTE. BARBARA

BARBARA ROBINSON, SAN FRANCISCO TOO LATE. PIX HAS GONE OFF. PLEASE BURN IT. SEND ME THE BILL. BILL

WM F BUCKLEY JR., NEW YORK. RECEIVED YOUR PACKAGE. CONTAINS TWO NOT ONE REPEAT TWO PICTURES. I GUESS THEY MULTIPLY, SHMOO-LIKE. AM OPENING GALLERY. BARBARA

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JAMES BURNHAM

A MIDDLE EAST VIETCONG?

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

Up until recently it was not necessary for Israel to take the Palestinian Arab terrorists seriously as an "historical force." Israeli propaganda insisted that most of those involved in shootings, bombings, holdups, etc. were nonpolitical gangster-types using "the cause" as a cover for crime. Prior to the 1967 war this was sufficiently accurate.

Since June 1967 there has been a profound change, as even the Israeli spokesmen have begun to acknowledge. The Palestine Arab movement is becoming more disciplined and conscious. It is now attracting some of the best of the Palestinian Arabs, many of them young, from both inside and outside Israel. Recognized leaders, with enough authority not merely to give orders but to have them obeyed, are emerging.

The Rising Two

There are still dozens of separate, squabbling organizations, but two seem to be ascendant: El Fatah and the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. El Fatah is believed to be getting about $15 million in annual subventions. At the meeting of Palestinian organizations held in Cairo the first week of February, it won control of what is supposed to be the united "Organization for the Liberation of Palestine." (The similarly named Popular Front, however, boycotted the Cairo meeting.) Under the leadership of Yassir Arafat, El Fatah sticks to the goal of liberating Palestine, and specializes in commando operations against military targets.

The Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine goes in more for ideology and for terrorist operations against civilian targets. The PFLP claims responsibility for the attacks on the El Al aircraft and for many recent terrorist bombings inside Israel. Its recognized leader is a former Palestinian doctor, George Habash, who is Marxist but (relatively) moderate (which is immoderate enough). Habash is challenged by a Maoist left wing led by Nayel Awatmah, who maintains contact with the Chinese ambassador in Damascus.

Although Syria and the United Arab Republic are at present more closely linked to the Soviet Union, Algeria is the most radical of the Arab states in relation to Palestine. Under Algerian inspiration a new doctrine has taken form. According to this doctrine, the Palestine situation is historically identical to the Algerian and the Vietnamese situations. All three are wars of national liberation against Western colonialism and its local puppets. The algerian National Liberation Front fought the colonial settlers and the French imperialist army sent to back them up, and in the end defeated them. The Vietnamese, fighting the local puppets backed first by the French imperialist army and then by the American, have driven out the French and are in the process of driving out the Americans and liquidating the puppets.

In Palestine the native Arabs (who in 1917 constituted 93 per cent of the population) are, according to the doctrine, the native colonial people. The Jews, backed by Anglo-Saxon imperialism, seized much of the land, drove most of the people into exile, and reduced the rest to second-class status. A further imperialist thrust in 1956 aborted, but in 1967 the Jews conquered more territory and hundreds of thousands more Arab natives. Since then, backed like the Vietnamese puppets by American imperialism, the Jewish puppets have made plain their intent to hold on to their spoils.

The anti-imperialist, revolutionary Arab *fedayeen* are thus the analogue of the Algerian NLF and the Vietnamese Vietcong-NLF. As in Algeria and Vietnam, the struggle for liberation, morally right and historically necessary, must inevitably be victorious. The Arabs, displaced from their Palestinian homeland and holy places as two thousand years ago the Jews were by the Romans, become the new Zionists. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem. . . ."

This revolutionary perspective does not stop with Palestine. From its standpoint the existing Arab regimes, and the Moscow regime now backing them, are corrupt and reactionary; the revolutionary task is to free and purify the entire Arab world. Realizing this, the Arab governments are not happy with the extreme factions of the liberation movement, which they nevertheless are constrained, by fear as much as expediency, to nourish.

The Algerians and their co-thinkers among the Palestinian leadership know that at present Israel has the upper hand. They do not delude themselves with hope for an easy or quick victory. An English Labor MP long concerned with the Middle East, Christopher Mayhew, reports that in recent conversations the Algerians indicated a time span of ten or more years, five to ten million Arab casualties, and the probable destruction of Cairo, Damascus and Baghdad. In Algeria, they reminded him, they had a million and a half dead.

Facts and Myth

This doctrine is a grotesque distortion of the facts? No doubt—but so its analogue was in Algeria and is most certainly in Vietnam today. The facts are not decisive for the doctrine's influence. It is a myth of some grandeur and great dynamism. Such myths, in spite of Mao's thought, have often proved more powerful than guns.

That is doubtless why Moscow, Washington, Paris and London are now seeking a basis on which they might meet to concert some pacifying policy for the Middle East. And why, also, one may guess, Gamel Abdel Nasser is giving lengthy interviews (*cf. Newsweek*, the *Times*) in which he projects himself as a reasonable, peace-seeking fellow. □

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IN ENGLAND

Are conservatives really "the stupid party"?
Not at all, says the author, in a message to
British conservatives that applies to America as well:
Make room for the disenchanted ex-liberals!

Intellectuals and Conservatism

TIBOR SZAMUELY

IN THOSE FAR-OFF, by now semi-mythical days of three, four or five years ago, when the British Labor Party was preparing to achieve power after thirteen years in the wilderness, and then savoring the first blissful months of administering the country's affairs, one of the Socialists' proudest boasts—indeed, one of their main arguments for being given a majority in Westminster—was that they were the party of intellect, of knowledge, of learning and creative thinking. In short, they were the party of the nation's intellectual elite; they held a monopoly of the ability and training needed to drag the country out of the morass of Tory ignorance, obscurantism and anti-intellectualism.

Not only was this claim held quite sincerely by the Labor Party: it had gained general acceptance among the population and even within the ranks of the Tory Party. For it would be idle to deny that long before then the idea that the Left was the natural, indeed the only possible place for all people of creative talent and independent thought had become one of the commonest assumptions of British political life. "Intellectual" and "leftist" had become practically interchangeable terms. Even the few voices that attempted to challenge his assumption (as in the Bow Group) went hardly further than to say that there was a place for leftists within the Conservative Party—and not that there could be an intellectual Right. For such an assertion would have seemed patently absurd—so closely had intellectual" become identified with "progressive," "liberal" or "leftist."

Yet when one looks more attentively at this bland, almost automatic assumption, one cannot but be puzzled as to how it could ever have come into being.

For there is nothing in Britain's long intellectual history to support it. Rather the reverse. The highest achievement of British (and American) political thought throughout the centuries has been the "conservative tradition"; to this tradition have belonged, in one way or another, the most original political and literary minds of the past: Hobbes, Johnson, Burke, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Madison, Hamilton, Peel, Carlyle, Ruskin, Disraeli, Arnold, Lord Randolph Churchill, to name but a few. Among these one should single out Disraeli as the greatest intellectual of any political party ever to hold the highest office in this country. The tradition has lasted well into our century—of the twentieth-century British Prime Ministers the only ones who could be justifiably called intellectuals were Conservatives: Balfour, Baldwin, Churchill, Macmillan. Today, as in previous ages, the most stimulating political writing still comes from authors opposed to the "progressive" orthodoxy: scholars like Professor Michael Oakeshott, Sir Karl Popper, Sir Isaiah Berlin, Warden John Sparrow—while at the same time, if one sticks to strictly party-political lines, the genuinely creative approach to political theory of men like Enoch Powell, Quintin Hogg or Angus Maude is unmatched within the Labor Party hierarchy.

Nor can this observation be limited to politics or literary theory: in the field of poetry, for instance, the two unsurpassed twentieth-century masters were Yeats and Eliot, both unabashedly anti-progressive, to say the least. The same applies, paradoxically, to those two novelists whom the progressives have themselves proclaimed our greatest twentieth-century prose-writers—Joyce and Lawrence—and, in a much more direct way, to the finest novelist of our times: Evelyn Waugh. It is also pertinent, in this context, that the most distinguished left-wing political novelists and essayist of this century, George Orwell, became the most effective of our debunkers of what he called the "smelly little orthodoxies"; his best works of fiction and polemics undoubtedly belong, by any standard, to that general conservative tradition mentioned above.

Yet despite the wealth of evidence to the contrary, the conviction that leftism or progressivism is the natural mental habitat of the intellectual has become firmly embedded in the national consciousness. Why is this so? A variety of factors have contributed to this: the nature of conservative political thought itself, the development of progressive and socialist ideology, the great social changes that have taken place within the last half-century in Britain and the world at large.

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To begin with, the essence of the conservative intellectual tradition has been its pragmatism, its empirical approach to the discussion of political issues. Despite the intellectual power of its individual thinkers, conservatism has never created a unified body of intellectually formulated principles; it has never established a doctrine, a dogma that could be defended with the self-righteous fervor of the exponents of modern ideologies. Conservatism, as Mr. Quintin Hogg once remarked, is not a philosophy but an attitude of life. It is an attitude which refuses to accept the subsumption of the whole field of human activity, of all the diverse and rich aspects of human life, within the single realm of politics. These are the aspects of conservatism that give it its strength, its continuing appeal to ever newer generations of men and women —yet herein also lies a source of weakness, a fountainhead of the "progressive" legend. For our century is the age not of the cool empirical approach, but of emotion-laden ideologies; not of the gentlemanly amateur dashing off a political treatise in the time spared from his other numerous interests, but of the ideologically committed academic buttressing his theories with all the modern methods of scholarly research. Technology requires technologists; the education industry, the fastest-growing industry in the world, requires educators; above all, ideologies require ideologists and interpreters. The intellectual has become (or believes he has become) the central figure of our age, as the capitalist entrepreneur was of the nineteenth century, or the aristocratic landlord of the eighteenth. The intelligentsia—that body of classless men and women, largely alienated from their society and animated by a driving urge to remodel it in accordance with their preconceptions—which made its first appearance in mid-nineteenth-century Russia, has now come into its own all over the world.

Conservative Intellectuals

And here the British Conservative Party is at a grave disadvantage. The one country which always in the past refused to take its intellectuals seriously, which never revered the "Herr Professor," and held a profound distrust of the intellectual in politics, was Britain (how happy has her history been as a result, compared with some other countries one could think of). True to its character as the natural repository of the national tradition, the Tory Party has always gone to great lengths to dissociate itself from the taint of intellectualism. None of the eminent conservative thinkers listed above would have dreamt of describing themselves as intellectuals; Tory intellectuals in politics had to invent elaborate disguises. Everyone knows about Disraeli's exaggerated foppishness and Macmillan's labored Edwardian old-worldliness; from Mr. Randolph Churchill's biography of his father we have recently learned that the famous stories about Sir Winston's backwardness at school and lack of interest in cerebral pursuits were largely Churchillian inventions. All that was very well in the past—but 1964 and then 1966 showed clearly enough that the traditional image of the Tory Party as the anti-intellectual or even the stupid party, the party of the landed interest, of Clubland and the deferential Tory workingman was no longer good enough (whether this image ever corresponded to reality is neither here nor there).

The country has changed a great deal in the last 25 years, and it was in 1964 that this change was first adequately reflected in the election returns. Most important of all has been the impact of the tremendous expansion of higher education (mainly initiated and carried out by Conservative governments). Whereas the population has grown only by about 15 per cent compared to prewar days, the number of universities had doubled and the student body quadrupled. The effect of this expansion (which is still continuing at a rapid rate) upon the electorate is comparable only to that of the 1870 Education Act. One has the feeling that the Tory Party has perhaps not yet fully appreciated its significance.

There is to be observed at present in Britain a) a large and rapidly growing body of intellectuals; b) an increasingly greater part played by intellectuals in the nation's life; and c) a general acceptance by the public of the intellectuals' importance in society.

One must recognize the fact that until now the bulk of this intelligentsia has been strongly influenced by left-wing doctrines. Whether this be a natural phenomenon or not, it is nevertheless true that intellectual today does not mean leftist. Here, once again, a number of factors have to be taken into account: the impact of the Russian revolution and of Marxism in its different varieties; the revulsion caused by the horrors of the First World War; the feeling that in the inter-war years Britain was being governed by "a lot of hard-faced men who had done well out of the War" (the fact that this phrase was coined by a disgusted Stanley Baldwin is usually forgotten); the effects of the Great Depression, the rise of Nazism, the Russian Five-Year Plans, the Spanish Civil War, anti-colonialist guilt, etc. By the mid-1930s the intelligentsia's left-wing syndrome was already fully formed—since then we have only had elaborations on familiar themes.

'Progressive' Intellectuals

Above all else, the intelligentsia turned left because only the Left could supply it with more or less coherent, "scientific" collectivist doctrines which corresponded to its own emotional and mental needs; because these doctrines were conceived, with the aid of academic methods, by intellectuals for intellectuals; because they were elitist doctrines, satisfying the intellectuals' innate sense of superiority; because they had already become the ruling doctrines upon the basis of which whole societies were being transformed, first in Russia and then in a number of other countries —and thus exercised a strong appeal to that power-worship which has always been a characteristic feature of every intelligentsia. No matter that these doctrines were often shallow and even more often disproved by reality: the greater part of their appeal has long since become purely emotional anyway. In a contribution to a recent issue of *Encounter* I commented on the fundamentally non-intellectual nature of the progressive intellectual's involvement in politics: "It is almost invariably an emotional attitude, owing very little, if anything, to the processes of reasoning and study that one usually associates with the word intellectual."

It might be useful, at this stage, to define the functions of the intellectual in a modern society. Here is a comprehensive definition by an American sociologist, Professor Edward Shils:

> The first obligation of intellectuals is to look after intellectual things, to concentrate their powers on the creation and reproduction and consumption of particular works of philosophy, art, science, literature or scholarship, to receive the traditions in which these works stand with a discriminating readiness to accept, elaborate, or reject. . . .
>
> By means of preaching, teaching and writing, intellectuals infuse into sections of the population which are intellectual

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neither by inner vocation nor by social role, a perceptiveness and an imagery which they would otherwise lack.

This is a fair enough exposition. But what is the nature of the "perceptiveness" and "imagery" which left-wing intellectuals have been "infusing" into the general public over long decades "by means of preaching, teaching and writing"? Many years ago George Orwell gave us the answer. Soon after the outbreak of the Second World War he wrote bitterly:

> England is perhaps the only great country whose intellectuals are ashamed of their own nationality. In left-wing circles it is always felt that there is something disgraceful in being an Englishman and that it is a duty to snigger at every English institution, from horse-racing to suet puddings. It is a strange fact, but it is unquestionably true, that almost any English intellectual would feel more ashamed of standing to attention during "God Save the King" than of stealing from a poor box. . . .

During the past twenty years the negative *faineant* outlook which has been fashionable among English left-wingers, the sniggering of the intellectuals at patriotism and physical courage, the persistent effort to chip away English morale and spread a hedonistic, what-do-I-get-out-of-it attitude to life, has done nothing but harm.

In the summer of 1941 Orwell made his accusation even more explicit:

> What has kept England on its feet during the past year? In part, no doubt, some vague idea about a better future, but chiefly the atavistic emotion of patriotism, the ingrained feeling of the English-speaking peoples that they are superior to foreigners. For the last twenty years the main object of English left-wing intellectuals has been to break this feeling down, and if they had succeeded, we might be watching the SS men patrolling the London streets at this moment.

What, I wonder, would Orwell have said today, after another quarter-century of ceaseless left-wing denigration has given a decisive impetus to the worst crisis of confidence—of national identity itself—in the country's history? Certainly his final conclusions regarding the effectiveness of leftist intellectual sniggering—now greatly fortified by support from such erstwhile pillars of the traditional Establishment as the *Times*, the BBC and the Church of England—would be far more pessimistic.

It is a bleak picture, alike for the country, the Conservative Party and the

intellectual community itself. But I hope I am not being over-optimistic when I seem to detect certain signs of a change setting in. During the last year or so the Gadarene rush appears to have been checked, and in some cases reversed. The recent "apostasy" of the two leading postwar leftist novelists—Kingsley Amis and John Braine—might some day come to be seen as the turning-point. (This had, of course, been preceded by the turn to the right of our best living poet, W. H. Auden.) Marked hostility to the leftist doctrine has now been expressed by such eminent men of letters as Anthony Burgess and even John Osborne, the original "angry young man" himself. If we add their names to the ever-lengthening list of distinguished anti-progressive writers, which includes older men like Anthony Powell and L. P. Hartley, together with representatives of the postwar generation—John Wain, Philip Larkin, Simon Raven, Constantine FitzGibbon, Auberon Waugh and others—then we can fairly say that the majority of our leading literary figures have turned against the Left. A similar disillusionment can be noted within the groves of Academe. And, if I may refer to my personal experience of teaching undergraduates, the very youngest generation of aspiring intellectuals is today far more immune to leftist pseudo-intellectual emotionalism than is generally imagined.

There are other straws in the wind: the demise of the Committee for Nuclear Disarmament, the failure of the Young Liberals, the increasingly ineffectual posturing of the New Left, the sharp falling off in the number of left-wing protest letters that once automatically filled the pages of the national newspapers. Indeed, there seem to be fewer and fewer genuine intellectuals among the progressive intelligentsia, which at times appears to be almost co-determinate with the bizarre world of show business: film producers and television serial writers, playwrights and theater directors, actors and actresses, semi-literate pop performers and fake folksingers, drama critics and "television personalities"—not to mention such cultural giants as fashion models, dress designers, photographers and hairdressers.

Disenchanted Intellectuals

I believe that there is today sufficient evidence indicating the disenchantment of a comfortable part of the British intellectual elite with the leftist ideologies that had held them in thrall for so long. It is not difficult to discover the reasons for this. There is, first of all, the abysmal failure of the Labor Government, the object of such heartfelt hopes, to solve any of the country's problems. Within this general disappointment there is a more specific dismay at the anti-intellectual, obscurantist nature of so many of the government's

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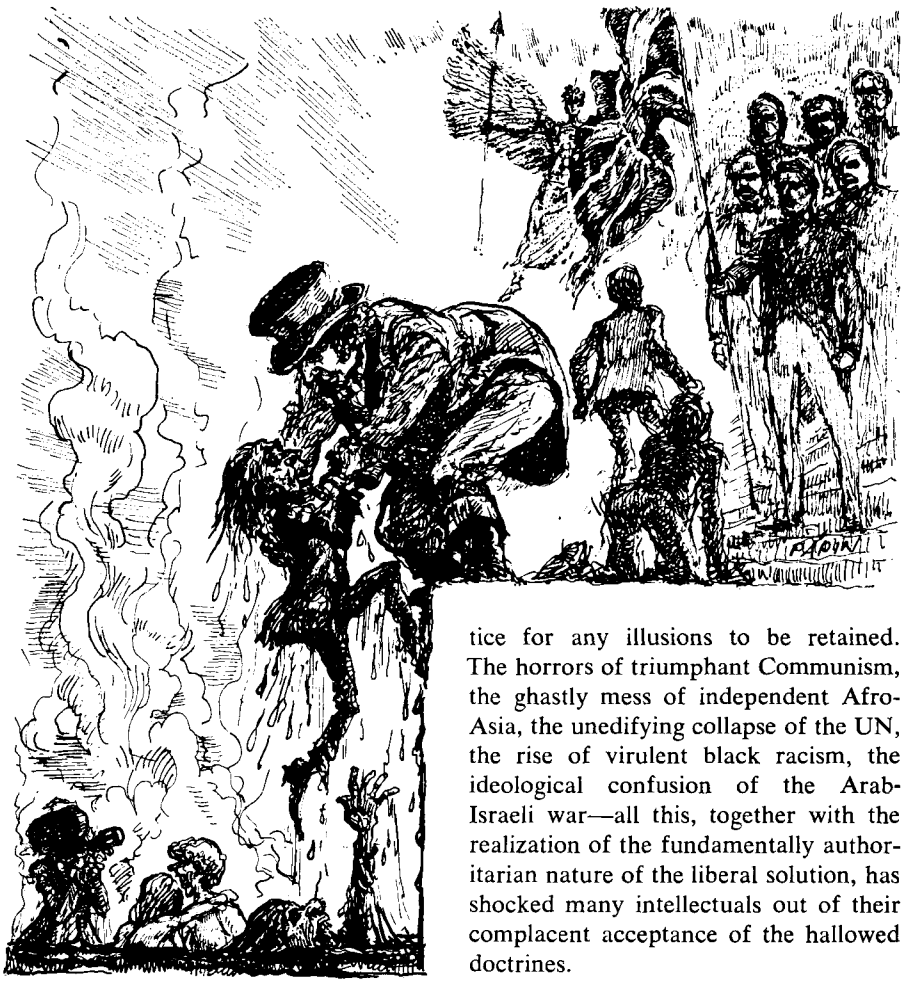

policies: their vindictive demolition of the grammar schools; the growing menace of direct governmental interference with university autonomy; the sheer vandalism of their treatment of the British Museum; the crass, utilitarian attitude to education, scholarship and research as mere subsidiary weapons of economic planning and the balance of payments. These are all matters of grave concern to the whole intellectual community—except for a small minority, permanently blinded by ideological fanaticism.

But, of course, the present discontent of the intellectuals, whether articulated or not, goes much deeper than mere dissatisfaction with government policies. Today, in the last third of the twentieth century, it has become impossible to deny the complete failure of the soothing old liberal assumptions: the fervent faith in unremitting and beneficial human progress; the mindless conviction that good will plus the development of education and science would provide universal panaceas for all the ills of mankind; the belief that independence would solve the colonial and color problems, etc. Too many of the progressive aspirations have been achieved in practice for any illusions to be retained. The horrors of triumphant Communism, the ghastly mess of independent Afro-Asia, the unedifying collapse of the UN, the rise of virulent black racism, the ideological confusion of the Arab-Israeli war—all this, together with the realization of the fundamentally authoritarian nature of the liberal solution, has shocked many intellectuals out of their complacent acceptance of the hallowed doctrines.

Neither should we underestimate the effect upon truly creative and cultivated minds of the current appalling "trendiness" of the desperately "swinging" liberal ideologues: the abandonment of artistic and intellectual standards in favor of total permissiveness, the debasement of scholarship, the lefties' disgraceful groveling before every uncouth prophet of "pop," "pill" and "pot." This is the ultimate treason of the clerks, going even beyond their original socio-political treason, for this time it strikes at the very roots of the literacy and culture which it is their duty to uphold. Nothing can illustrate this downfall of intellectual standards better than the recent Reith Lectures of that illustrious left-wing academic, the Provost of King's, Dr. Edmund Leach: a truly hair-raising compendium of every possible modish fatuity and silly cliché in the liberal canon, inspired throughout by the self-hatred, the unconscious death-wish of the progressive intellectual. No wonder that men and women of genuine intellectual integrity and independence of mind are recoiling in dismay from the final self-abasement of a petrified left-wing orthodoxy.

Yet in their retreat from leftism very few seem to be turning to conservatism. This is due, I believe, partly to the Conservatives' continuing lack of interest in the intellectuals, whom they sometimes appear to have written off entirely. A good deal of fuss has been made, it is true, about the recruitment of various intellectual advisers—but these usually turn out to be economists, and economists, with all respect, are, except for a very few, not real intellectuals at all—only glorified technicians. But the root of the problem, as I see it, lies in the absence of a genuine and intellectually satisfying alternative to progressivism. A watered-down version of the same old discredited progressive program is not really very stimulating; the negative promises of less bureaucratic restrictions, less governmental interference, less encouragement of moral permissiveness, less debasement of standards, less national humiliation, less socialism of one kind or another—all this hardly adds up to a set of terribly inspiring slogans.

The Real Intellectual

The real intellectual admires clear-cut, incisive thinking. If the Conservative Party is opposed to socialism, should it not say openly, with Mr. Enoch Powell: "We are a capitalist Party. We believe in capitalism. We uphold the capitalist free economy"? Should it not, besides stressing its devotion to the welfare state, also stress, strong and clear, its devotion to the principle of private property as the basis of individual liberty and of a humane, enlightened and democratic society? Should it not, for instance, base its opposition to such Socialist measures as the wealth tax upon *principle* rather than on their possible negative effects on the export drive?

The Conservative Party should offer an intellectually based and firmly stated alternative to every ideological tenet of the progressive Socialist creed. One such basic tenet is the contempt for tradition, indeed the urge to destroy every traditional institution and custom (a campaign which has already achieved signal successes). To quote the inimitable Dr. Leach: "Only those who hold the past in complete contempt are ever likely to see visions of the new Jerusalem." Could any statement, any prospect be more horrifying? Here, as so often proved, lies the direct road to totalitarianism, that "new Jerusalem." It is for the Conservative Party to counter this, to put forward a different prospect, to stress the crucial and precious role

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of tradition, to repeat with Burke that "people will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors."

For the true intellectual, who sees as one of his main tasks the preservation of his nation's cultural heritage, this is a question of prime importance. But the intellectual is also concerned with *developing* his heritage, with the search for new ideas, with the change necessary to keep his country and his field of learning and culture in the forefront of an ever-changing world. Tradition and progress must be combined: while no tradition should be sacrosanct *only* because it is a tradition, the fact that a particular idea, institution or mode of conduct has been established for some time should certainly create a presumption in favor of continuing it—until it is definitely proved to be inimical to the nation's well-being. In other words: change, certainly—but not change for change's sake.

The Conservative Party has had an unrivaled history of successfully combining tradition with progress. As Disraeli put it:

> In a progressive country change is constant; and the great question is, not whether you should resist change which is inevitable, but whether that change should be carried out in deference to the manners, the customs, the laws, the traditions of the people, or in deference to abstract principles and arbitrary and general doctrines.

Can the Conservative Party truthfully say that in the past twenty years it has been unvaryingly faithful to this basic principle of the founder of modern conservatism?

For the British people the last ten or fifteen years have probably been the cruelest of their history. The bewildering transformation of the country's international position; the sudden loss of empire and the even more precipitate collapse of the Commonwealth idea, together with the forfeiture of the Great Power status that went with them; the floundering of successive governments after a viable foreign policy and their failure to discover one; the humiliations and indignities ceaselessly piled upon a proud nation: this tragic sequence of events has inevitably led to a profound crisis of the national soul. This is the real explanation for such diverse phenomena as the new immorality or the rise of petty local nationalisms. And although the persistent demoralizing propaganda of the leftist intelligentsia has, as I have already pointed out, played an immense part in bringing this about, it would be wrong to draw the conclusion that intellectuals are by their very nature cosmopolitan and anti-national. In the past, in Britain as elsewhere, it was usually the intellectual community which formulated national purpose and gave voice to national pride and the demands of national self-interest. To quote Samuel Taylor Coleridge—poet, critic, philosopher, a true intellectual if ever there was one: "The cosmopolitanism which does not spring out of, and blossom upon, the deep-rooted stem of nationality, is a spurious and rotten growth." Amen.

Here again it should be the task of the Conservative Party to provide the lead in discovering the path to Britain's renewed national greatness. For, as Disraeli said,

> What is the Tory party unless it represents national feeling? If it does not represent national feeling, Toryism is nothing. It does not depend upon hereditary coteries of exclusive nobles. It does not attempt power by attracting to itself the spurious force which may accidentally arise from advocating cosmopolitan principles or talking cosmopolitan jargon.

The British Conservative Party is the oldest political party in the world. In three hundred years of existence it has amassed an unmatched wealth of political wisdom and practical experience. One feature, above all, has made it the envy of its opponents in the country and its would-be emulators elsewhere: its extraordinary ability to adapt itself to changing circumstances, its capacity to change its social character while retaining its basic principles and to find a place within its ranks for every new social class which has emerged in the course of the country's historical evolution. There is today no reason why the Conservative Party should not come to terms with the British intellectual community, and provide for it a spiritual home more satisfying and a social function more beneficial than that offered by a now largely discredited ideological Left. □

The Serum That Took

ONCE upon a time there was a man who invented a serum that made blacks white. The man was very happy; he thought he had ended the racial problem once and for all. Smiling and laughing, he went all over the world jabbing blacks with his serum. Finally, after years of jabbing, he finished his task. If not white, every black in the world was at least gray, for the serum, although successful, took some time to take effect.

As time went by, blacks all over the world began getting whiter and whiter, whiter and whiter, until some of them, in fact, became whiter than whites. The inventor was very, very happy, and so were the blacks. The regular whites weren't, though. They never had liked the idea of white blacks in the first place, and they particularly didn't like the idea of white blacks getting whiter than whites. In fact, regular whites became more prejudiced against white blacks than they had been against black blacks. "They're trying to be better than we are!" the whites bellowed.

So the now unhappy inventor was forced to make a second serum, one that would turn white blacks back into black blacks, as they had been in the first place. Once again he went all over the world with serum. Unfortunately, the white blacks preferred to remain white blacks, particularly since many were now whiter than regular whites. They wouldn't let the poor inventor jab them with the second-type serum. In fact, the blacks who were not turning white fast enough to suit themselves wanted another shot of the first serum, the black-to-white kind.

By this time the poor inventor, who had an eye defect anyway, was quite confused, and it turned out later that he had by mistake given the second serum to some regular whites who had never been black in the first place, thus turning them into black whites. When the inventor heard of his horrible mistake he became hopelessly confused, to such an extent that he got his two kinds of serum mixed up and, additionally, got regular whites mixed up with serum whites. The result of all this was that he gave both kinds of serum to all kinds of people, so that he made some whites black, some blacks white, some white blacks whiter, and some black whites blacker. He finally said, "The hell with it, let's keep trying integration."

Moral: It's okay for inventors to be happy but they definitely shouldn't be color-blind.

—JOHN KEEFAUVER

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IN AMERICA

Again the vexed question, What is conservatism?
The author proposes a working definition,
then goes on to suggest one mission for conservatives,
another for libertarians, in America today

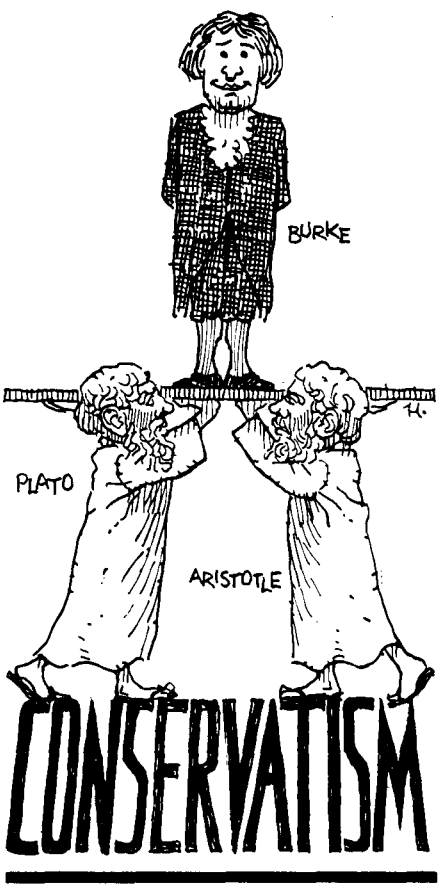
An Historical Understanding of Conservatism

NORMAN R. PHILLIPS

A CLEAR UNDERSTANDING of the nature and meaning of conservatism requires an historical survey of those seminal ideas which constitute the foundations of philosophical conservatism as we know it today. To gain perspective, consideration will be given to the similarities and differences which exist between conservatism and other socio-political ideologies.

In a practical sense, the proponents of right-wing viewpoints differ from those of the center and the Left in their attitudes toward government, welfarism and competition. Rightists tend to distrust government even where it is popularly based. They also oppose comprehensive government welfare programs and evince a preference for free competition over more collectivistic concepts of economic policy. The leftists are diametrically opposed on all these issues while those occupying the center stand between those two poles or manifest incongruous mixtures of ideas from both Right and Left. This is not to suggest that manifestation of all the above characteristics is mandatory for a representative of the socio-political Right, but only adherence to most of these. Journalistic and popular usage has been so slipshod that the above criteria should not be applied automatically in newspaper reading.

Of late, certain right-wing writers have redefined terms, labeling the entire Right as "conservative" while designating its subdivisions as "traditionalist" and "libertarian." This usage has not obtained general acceptance either among scholars or the general public. In America, "conservatism" has become a synonym for what scholars term "classical liberalism." To avoid confusion, scholarly usage will be employed herein. It is, in the writer's opinion, much more accurate and meaningful than the alternative usages.



Conservatism can be characterized as that philosophy which is distinguished by an emphasis upon authority, order and selectivity. The conservative espousal of tradition is only a manifestation of the felt need for a standard of legitimate authority to counteract the irrational and selfish aspects of human nature. In addition, conservatives often stress selectivity—the aristocratic principle of excellence in the original sense of the word "aristocratic"—selection of the best—in government, education, culture and society. There are many other implications associated with conservative theory but these will suffice as guiding characteristics.

In contrast, classical liberals stress freedom rather than authority. They are chiefly concerned with the emancipation of creative vigor from what they regard as the trammels of traditional authority. As a rule, they have more confidence in human nature than their conservative compeers, being inclined to view man as essentially rational in character. Hence, they tend to advocate an ethics of self-expression in antithesis to the conservative emphasis upon self-restraint. Not that liberty has no place in the conservative scale of values—but to the conservative, freedom is secondary to order. In their economic theory, the classical liberals advocate a thorough-going laissez-faire while conservatives prefer a moderate individualism. As to the aristocratic dimension of conservative thought, although a few classical liberals have evinced elitist tendencies, the general stream of libertarian thinking is against it. Their over-all differences have been so strong, that until less than a century ago the classical liberals were the bitter enemies of the conservatives. It is only due to the common menace from the Left that these two disparate groups have become allied—at least on most practical questions.

The foundations of contemporary conservative philosophy emanate from Plato, Aristotle, Burke and Nietzsche. This may be a surprise to many American conservatives who generally regard Burke as their sole intellectual progenitor, but Burke himself was in large part a follower of Aristotle and Plato. Furthermore, there are influential forms of conservatism which do not have Burkean foundations

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The philosophy associated with Plato was conservatism in its essence and entire basic structure. The particular aspect he foreshadowed was the conservative stress on harmony or order. Plato's entire ethic rested upon his conception of harmonious order. His four basic values were wisdom, courage, justice and temperance. The wisdom of a highly selected elite was held to be primary. Courage, as exemplified by a special warrior class, was essentially the security which would enable this wisdom to flourish. Justice was equated with harmony—each individual occupying the place in society for which he was suited and performing his own work well. Temperance was essentially the obedience of the lower orders to the higher. All in all, Plato envisaged a well-ordered society which reflected his conception of a rationally ordered universe. The hallmark of this society was the peaceful integration of the whole.

To this, Aristotle added the concept of hierarchy. He conceived of life as consisting of a vast series of graded links from those organisms which least expressed universal purposes to those which most completely actualized them. Hence, he believed in an order based upon degrees of approach to perfection with each subordinate being in a state of dependency upon its superior.

In addition, Aristotle, more than any other single individual, was responsible for the conservative attitude toward the state for he considered it the highest of all associations for bringing about the greatest virtue. This is in striking contrast to the classical liberal view of the state as a necessary evil. For Aristotle saw the state as a desirable and natural development arising out of man's social instincts.

Traditionalism and Elitism

During the medieval period, Aristotelian conceptions of society profoundly influenced the leading thinkers of Europe and to this day serve as the chief philosophical rationale for aristocratic conservatism in Great Britain. Not the least of the famous thinkers whose philosophy was based on Aristotelian foundations was the Irish statesman, Edmund Burke.

Burke added to the conservative panoply a full appreciation of the role of tradition as a force making for harmony and cohesion in society. To a great extent, this view was a reaction to the precipitate conduct of irresponsible mobs during the French Revolution. In 1790, as a result of the application of his principles, Burke predicted that the disorders engendered by the revolutionists would lead to the rise to power of a military tyranny. His prophecy began to be fulfilled when Napoleon Bonaparte seized power (1799).

Burke considered tradition to be a protection against the impetuosity of mobs. It was a safeguard from the excesses of avarice and passion for tradition is a collective wisdom tempered by experiences accumulated through the countless victories and defeats of the past. Not that he opposed change. On the contrary, Burke believed in change but only when cautiously made and not as the result of abstract speculation but in response to a generally felt need and in accordance with the traditions of the nation concerned.

It may seem strange to many Americans to find Nietzsche classified as a conservative. Yet he certainly favored traditionalism which he combined with an elitism of the strongest kind. His followers include some of the most influential theorists of European conservatism such as Oswald Spengler of Germany, Anthony Ludovici of Great Britain, and José Ortega y Gasset of Spain. If his influence upon American conservatism has been nugatory, it is nevertheless evident that European conservative theory cannot be understood without him. His florid language has unfortunately led to a widespread misunderstanding of his viewpoint—which has been deliberately exacerbated by the machinations of intellectual radicals and liberals.

To Nietzsche, the chief purpose of society was not so much universal uplift as the development of superior individuals to the highest degree of excellence of which they were capable. "Superman" was Nietzsche's term symbolizing the attainment of excellence which he termed "power." By "power" Nietzsche meant mental and physical strength including such traits as independence, self-control, courage, integrity and responsibility. These were considered the ideal virtues of a truly strong and noble elite. In contrast, he regarded the desired virtues of the masses to be obedience, patience and humility. Such were the contrasting values needed for a secure and stable social order.

Nietzsche viewed radicalism as a manifestation of sick minds—the product of the hatred and envy of excellence. Pity espoused by the radicals undermined selection and was the expression of a spirit of vengeance against the fortunate and successful. He was especially troubled by the subordination of culture to the power of the state and by the rising tide of educational and cultural mediocrity. He even expressed fear of the deleterious effects of universal literacy upon cultural standards. There is considerable disagreement among writers as to the correctness of this view.

Thus we see the emergence of the four basic concepts which constitute the foundation of the conservative ideology: harmony, hierarchy, tradition and selection. The failure of leading American spokesmen of intellectual conservatism to understand the significance of this heritage beyond the traditionalism of Edmund Burke underlies the inanity of much conservative writing today.

Liberalism and Jusnaturalism

Although the roots of classical liberalism go back at least to the sophists of ancient Greece, modern liberalism can be said to begin with the writings of John Locke (although many of his views were foreshadowed by Thomas Hobbes). It was through Locke that the liberal tradition of jusnaturalism was implemented. To Locke, governments were instituted fundamentally to protect the rights of their subjects. Whenever governments falter in this, the people have the right to change their government. It is preferable that this be done peacefully but if this is not possible then the people have the right to revolt. The primacy of rights over duties can be interpreted as an expression of the principle that the liberty of the individual is more important than his duties to the state.

To Locke, the chief function of civil society was the protection of property. In such a society, Locke favored the striving for unlimited wealth for he considered this to be a spur to progress. The wealth of some individuals would act as an impelling factor to move others to work all the harder to keep abreast. In the context of his age and country, Locke was attempting a justification for freer economic enterprise.

In his conception of human nature, Locke approached equalitarianism for he believed that all men were innately

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alike excepting only a few geniuses and the weakminded. The differences between all the others were considered to be the results of environmental influences. He further believed that in the most important respect, their human nature, *all* men were alike. This view was to have a tremendous impact upon the American psyche. At the time of the American Revolution, Locke was the favorite philosopher of educated Americans. Jefferson was himself a disciple of Locke and his Declaration of Independence was largely based upon Lockean principles. Following the War of 1812, the Federalist Party expired leaving the Jeffersonian Republicans the sole national political party during the so-called "era of good feeling." The political parties which followed were strongly influenced by the ideas of Jefferson which in this instance were largely the ideas of Locke—especially in their social dimensions. Thus, Locke's influence here has far exceeded his importance in any other major nation. By the Lockean view, the doctrine of "one-man one-vote" seems quite logical, for if all men are identical in their fundamental nature, one man is as good as another. The inveterate American insistence upon universal education from kindergarten through the university is a natural corollary of Lockean psychology. If all are fundamentally identical, what is good for one is good for all, or so the American people appear to believe. Hence, we have the frequent spectacle of businessmen and politicians mouthing the phrases of free-enterprise capitalism while agreeing with the extreme Left in their basic assumptions concerning human nature.

Classical Economics

After Locke, the next major school of classical liberalism of enduring importance was that of the classical economists. This was quite an international movement originating with the French physiocrats but more especially embodied in the writings of the Scotsman, Adam Smith, and the British Jew, David Ricardo. In general, these men believed that a system of free competition, with prices to be determined by the factors of supply and demand, worked better than a system of artificial controls imposed by the government. The free enterprise system was considered to be a natural system based upon the free actions of individuals in a self-regulating market. As such, it was deemed superior to systems which were the products of human fallibility. It would however be a mistake to assume that all of the economists opposed all government controls beyond the bare minimum of police powers. Even Adam Smith was prepared to accept state controls in certain limited areas. Nonetheless, these economists laid the foundations upon which the classical liberal economists of the present have built.

Politically, most economists associated with the rise of classical economics were adherents of the radical movement, a faction of British politics of the early and middle nineteenth century which favored political democracy, laissez-faire economics, and a limited amount of welfare legislation. While these men were obviously not equalitarian in their economic theory, they were certainly so in their ideas concerning government and the potentialities of human nature. The associationist psychology which formed the basis of the whole philosophical radical movement was implicitly environmentalist.

Other classical liberals of the school of Herbert Spencer were somewhat more elitist in their views. Like Darwin, Spencer believed that evolution proceeded through natural selection of those best adapted to a given environment. Spencer believed this mechanism operated in human societies as well as among lower forms of life and was indeed a necessity for continued social progress. Social welfarism and government controls would interfere with this by penalizing the superior to benefit the inferior. Hence, he favored a thoroughgoing policy of laissez-faire even to the point of opposition to government postal systems. To Spencer, as to some classical liberals today, the mild controls advocated by the conservatives were curiously identified with the collectivism of the socialists. This is a manifestation of the type of person who categorizes all who are not in complete agreement with him as at the opposite extreme.

A more recent elitist movement of the same general vein is the Objectivism of Ayn Rand and her disciples. This philosophy can be described as an ethic of capitalism based upon the glorification of productive work as the central value in determining the ranking of other goods. The elite conceived of under this system is to be composed of those most conscientiously productive in contributing to the fulfillment of their own lives. By so doing, they would be contributing to society as a whole. The Objectivists claim to be neither altruistic nor egoistic but instead invoke the model of the trader—one who earns what he gets and does not give or get the unearned. This philosophy bears the usual indications of its affiliation to classical liberalism—the advocacy of laissez-faire capitalism, anti-traditionalism, and a belief in the essential rationality of man. Unlike Spencer, Rand does not stress evolutionary concepts but instead focuses upon the process of capitalism as the ethical ideal. In their emphasis upon superiority, neither Spencer nor Rand deals with the problem of supplying a consciously selected elite, but instead evidently has confidence that unhindered natural processes will bring such a group to the fore. The problem of the legitimate selection of elites is one which concerns conservatives who lack the classical liberal confidence in the efficiency of natural processes.

Strauss v. *Spengler*

The concepts of jusnaturalism, laissez-faire, Spencerianism and Objectivism are among the panoply of classical liberal concepts which are strongly influential today. Not everyone in the right-wing liberal camp subscribes to all these doctrines. Yet these four together guide the thinking of the various sections of the libertarian movement today.

This brings us to the role of these right-wing concepts among the academicians today. In spite of the wide influence of Ayn Rand among educated laymen, she can scarcely be said to influence the academics very much—not even as a novelist. But the adherents of classical liberalism as an economic theory form a very important segment of the intellectual Right. These people are dedicated to a revival of laissez-faire economics expressed in contemporaneous terms. They are primarily concerned with the deleterious effects of government controls and the rise of the comprehensive welfare state. These effects are commonly analyzed in terms of their effects upon the nation's economy. Most right-wing economists belong to this school of thought.

Conservatives today can be categorized as traditionalists, for example Leo Strauss, Russell Kirk and William Buckley, or as aristocratic conservatives like Oswald Spengler, Irving Babbitt and Richard Weaver. The former stress the moral and aesthetic values of prescriptive authority; the latter, the need for greater selectivity in all major

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departments of national life. These two groupings are not necessarily in conflict; rather they emphasize different aspects of the conservative credo.

In conservative intellectual conclaves, discussion largely involves the classical economists and the moral traditionalists to the general neglect of the aristocratic conservatives. Yet the influence of the latter is desperately needed if the weakest links of American culture are to be strengthened. In contrast, the traditionalists often show a tendency to lose themselves in the involved rhetoric of Georgian England which makes them a joy to hear but does not give their audiences the benefit of their insights into the spiritual crisis of civilization today.

Decline of Authority

How relevant is conservatism to the current problems which beset the United States? We are today in desperate need of the application of a principle which some people consider antithetical to "American" values—the concept of authority. By authority, I refer to the inculcation of high standards of civility in human behavior. These are founded upon restraint of impulse and desire in the interest of the orderly and efficient functioning of society. In essence, authority is the expression of conservative traditionalism in contemporary terms—designed in a nation and for an era in which tradition as such has largely fallen into desuetude.

The most alarming manifestation of the decline of authority is the sacrifice of the virtues of self-discipline and respect to a noisy mass self-assertiveness. From earliest childhood, the average American is indoctrinated with the view that he is as good as anyone else. It therefore follows that he need give obeisance to no one—least of all to such symbols of authority as the judge, the school teacher or the police officer. The latter in turn are enjoined by society from exercising their authority too obviously. Our burgeoning crime rate is only the most sensational consequence of this pernicious equalitarianism which today is reaching more ridiculous extremes than ever before in history. The decline of courtesy among adults and obedience from children is a more commonplace manifestation. Perhaps this is part of the price we pay for our national dynamism but if so it is terribly expensive, for true civilization cannot exist without civility.

The second basic question for which conservatism can supply a meaningful answer is the need for greater selectivity: the value of high standards of competitive excellence applied to educational, social and cultural, as well as political and economic matters. I prefer the term "selectivity" to "competition" because the latter is habitually applied almost exclusively to the production, distribution and consumption of commodities, and often by individuals who accept equalitarian concepts in other areas. Furthermore, competition can be justified in terms stressing liberty without recourse to its function as an encouragement to excellence. Selectivity more clearly implies the qualitative emphasis which in the writer's opinion should be the major justification for a freely competitive system. It emphasizes the element of challenge which spurs superior performance in contrast to the sloth encouraged under collectivistic systems.

To cite one example of the need for such an emphasis, few people are aware just how much our educational standards are being eroded. The compulsion to exchange quality for quantity has infected nearly the entire American school structure. On the elementary level, children are promoted before they are ready in order to make room for other children and to avoid alleged psychological aberrations. On the secondary level, the ideal of high school for everybody has led to the creation of a vast polyglot school population, a large percentage of which is not interested in learning and frequently succeeds in making learning impossible for the others. As a result, many of our schools have been converted into "blackboard jungles" where little discipline exists and academic standards are often fantastically low. Our liberal arts colleges are scarcely comparable in standing with those of the major countries of Europe, and with the current pressure for mass higher education this disparity is likely to widen enormously. The effect upon the caliber of public officials is obvious.

These are some reasons why the United States is so desperately in need of a genuinely conservative force in our national life—a force dedicated to solving the questions which beset us rather than expatiating daintily on the remote past. Certainly, if the qualitative di-

(Continues on page 297)

"Front? Front for what?"

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REPORT FROM WEST BERLIN

Same Wall, New Mood

CHARLES W. WILEY

ALTHOUGH many seem to consider it a sin to say so, the Berlin Wall is a great Communist success—perhaps the most important enemy breakthrough since World War II. Not only has it stopped East Germany from bleeding to death and put its Communist economy on a reasonably sound basis—the best in the Eastern Bloc—but the Wall has seriously hurt West Berlin. Just how badly remains to be seen.

A visitor walking on the famous Kurfurstendamm sees much positive evidence of an affluent society and booming economy. And where once the Kurfurstendamm was the only real showcase in West Berlin, there are now similar rows of well-stocked, modern shops and restaurants throughout the city.

There are numerous changes in the physical layout—all to the good. Berlin's real estate is moving ahead in both quantity and quality. The older buildings are disappearing, making way for the most modern new ones, both office and residential—and even postwar shops are being replaced by still better stores.

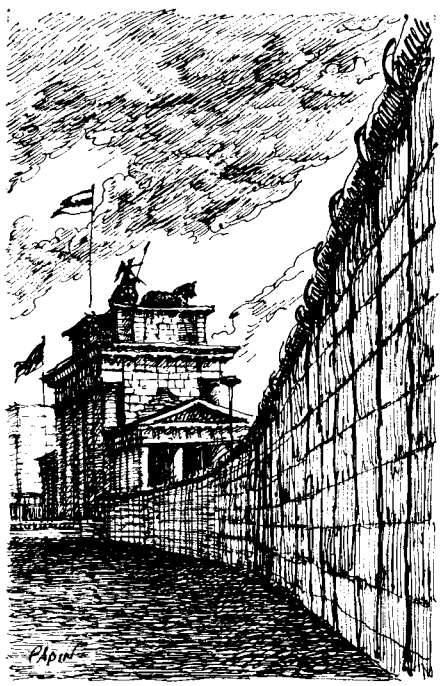
Those strolling on Berlin's streets, well lit by an outstanding concentration of neon lights and colorful window displays, are still among the best-dressed people in the world. Their clothes are not only of good quality, but are also the latest in fashion. The traffic is still heavy.

But something has changed since the Wall. There aren't quite as many people, and they don't have the same bounce in their step. No longer is there a feeling of energy surging through the streets. And the people are older—much, much older. Where youth was once the trademark of West Berlin, age has become the most notable characteristic of the population. Nearly one quarter of West Berlin's population is over age 65, double the average for the rest of Germany. A walk through the streets is sufficient to convince the observer that the official statistics are not exaggerated. The unnatural age distribution, a physical "generation gap," is reflected throughout the city's economic and social life: in cafes, restaurants, theaters and even at an open-air ice skating rink where I was amazed to find that most of the skaters were well over forty.

The mood of the people in Berlin is not what it was. Previously there was a pioneer-like spirit. Berliners were the vanguard of the West, holding an enclave that served as a magnet to attract the best among the population in the East. The steady flow of new blood, free from the stifling atmosphere of Communism, kept the city moving.

Battle for Berlin

Today the entire picture has changed. Now it is West Berlin, not East, that fights to stem an outflow of its young. The Berliner is manning an outpost in what appears to be an endless war. Most still have the determination to hang on, but many, without staying power, have already left. Others wait only for the right opportunity to follow them. "I am a Berliner!" is no longer a boast shouted proudly from the rooftops. Today it is said softly, symbolizing quiet determination, often self-con-



sciously by a German who fears he may look a little foolish to an outsider. It is not the great crises that wear down the Berliner. He can stand up to these because it is during major confrontations that the trumpets blow and the Berliner becomes a heroic figure in the world's eyes. If Berlin someday falls to the force of darkness in the East it will be through quiet attrition. It is simple to visit Berlin for a few hours and cry out to cheering crowds in halting German: *"Ich bin ein Berliner!"* It is another thing to man the barricades endlessly—completely surrounded, and at the mercy of an enemy who has nearly all the advantages.

Despite the changes in Berlin, East and West, the Communists are still far behind in almost every way. Granted improvements in the East since the Wall, the streets are still dull and lifeless compared to the West. Although East Germany is the best off of all Communist countries—and East Berlin is the best city in East Germany—living standards are still far below those in West Germany. And the economy is chronically in trouble. Apparently even German efficiency cannot cope with the built-in defects of the Communist system. And the people still try to escape at almost any cost.

West Germany is fighting against the possibility of dry rot destroying West Berlin. There are tremendous tax incentives to draw both people and business. West Berliners pay 25 per cent less income tax than residents of West Germany proper, and young people can get large, long-range, low-interest loans for moving to the city. There are added cash rewards for having children in Berlin.

Business is also subsidized heavily: it pays 25 per cent less corporation tax; gets up to 70 per cent depreciation the first year (several times the rate in other parts of West Germany); low interest; very long-range loans and 10 per cent deduction on investment tax. Apparently these incentives have paid off. According to German officials the new flow has been into Berlin, instead of away from the city, during the past couple of years.

But the battle for Berlin is not over, and morale may be the key to the city's survival. Along the West side of the Wall, I saw examples of discomforting changes in thinking. To some Berliners, admittedly a small minority, the Wall is simply a money-making tourist attraction with little or no ideo-

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logical or humanitarian significance. They hawk postcards and other souvenirs like barkers at a carnival.

There are other signs of changed thinking on the streets of Berlin. Today, in what was once the most anti-Communist city in the world, where leftists were as rare as a clean shirt at a hippie convention, New Left/anarchist/Communist elements are an important power. Where once demonstrations were aimed against the East, now the cry is usually "Yankee Go Home!" The new repairs on the giant Ka De We department store and other famous downtown landmarks attest to the ferocity of the attacks carried out by this new force. Even inside the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church, the famous ruin left standing as a monument to the folly of aggression, these modern-day Huns pulled down a statue of Christ. (To be fair to Berlin, it should be noted that many of the demonstrators are from other parts of West Germany, temporarily in the city as students. But it's still a Berlin problem.)

"If these disorders ever get out of hand," a top U.S. officer in the West Berlin garrison told me, "we're in it up to our ears. The only back-up forces for the local police are the Allied troops." His comment describes one of the little-known but very dangerous factors in the present situation—the fact that we, the United States, are responsible for law and order on the streets of this divided city. With an increasing tempo of anti-American demonstrations, this could be the route to a major international crisis.

Under the agreements governing Berlin, no members of the West German armed forces are allowed into the city. This rule is so strictly enforced that when a single German Air Force plane landed in West Berlin because of navigational problems, the Soviet Union made it a major issue. This means that the Berlin police, with no federal or state forces available as reserves in case of trouble, carry the full load of keeping order in the city. The police force numbers 15,000, for a population of over two million, but this figure is misleading because it includes all personnel—civilian clerical workers, many women, etc.—and the police in Germany handle many more jobs than ours. If they can't meet the test, we and our British and French allies are immediately on the firing line, with six Soviet divisions an hour away and the well-trained East German Army just across the Wall.

The German police would probably have to be completely overwhelmed before any Allied soldiers would be committed to riot control duty on the streets of Berlin. But although unlikely in the near future, it is not unthinkable.

Hitler's Legacy

Throughout Germany, and even abroad, there is a major campaign to attract tourists to this beleaguered city, to help both the economy and morale. And it is certainly worth visiting. The Wall is an education in itself, as is the contrast in the two sections of the divided city. The hotels and restaurants are good and plentiful, with a wide variety to fit tastes and pocketbooks, and it is a shopper's paradise. As a city it has character—contrasting and interesting architecture, wide streets, handsome parks and monuments.

A fact often lost sight of because it is a crisis area is that Berlin is one of the cultural centers of the world. The Egyptian Museum, which includes the remarkable head of Nefertete, and the Charlottenburg Palace are only two of many high points in West Berlin. In the East, too, are outstanding cultural attractions. To anyone interested in history, Berlin is fascinating. But, unfortunately, it is difficult to forget Adolf Hitler here: there is the Reichstag Building, the burning of which gave him the excuse to seize power; the giant 1871 Victory Column which he had moved to allow room for greater crowds to admire him; the huge Olympic Stadium where he delivered hysterical speeches; the prison where he executed the Germans who tried to assassinate him in the Generals' Plot; the bunker where he killed himself.

And here in Berlin is Hitler's monument, a mountain built with the rubble created when his empire came crashing down on his own people in a storm of death and destruction rarely matched in history. One of the largest man-made structures in the world, it was built by sweeping the ruins of Berlin into a huge pile. And from it one can see the newest gigantic monument to totalitarians —the Wall. □

Deep Feelings Expressed in an Umbrella

LATE ONE NIGHT, there was a heavy rain and a piercing wind. Carrying an umbrella, poor-peasant commune member Chang Hai-kuan anxiously ran along the muddy path leading from the Twelfth Production Team of the Hungwu Production Brigade of the Nanhu commune in Chiahsing County of Chekiang Province to where a People's Liberation Army unit was stationed.

This is the story of what happened. Ever since the great proletarian cultural revolution, a PLA unit has been helping the poor and lower-middle peasants run an evening school where the PLA men propagate Mao Tse-tung's thought every day.

That day, when fighter Chu Po-shun came to the evening school, there was no rain. But when the class was over, the sky suddenly became overcast and a downpour was in the offing. Poor-peasant member Chang Hai-kuan noticed that this PLA comrade had not brought his raincoat, so he ran home to fetch an umbrella. When he came back, the PLA comrade had gone.

This caused Chang great anxiety. Looking at the pitch-dark night and the pelting rain, he thought: "It is because of our kith-and-kin the People's Liberation Army men, who braved wind and rain to propagate Mao Tse-tung's thought, that the bright sunshine of the red sun lights up our poor- and lower-middle peasants' hearts. It grieves us poor- and lower-middle peasants to see a PLA man getting wet in the rain!" He said to himself: "I must bring the umbrella to our dear one." Heading for the barracks, he determinedly ran after Chu Po-shun.

The rain became heavier and Chang ran faster. He fell many times, but he immediately got up and pressed on. While running he thought of how the PLA men, since their arrival, had transplanted rice seedlings and harvested rice crops, and studied Chairman Mao's works together with the poor- and lower-middle peasants all year round, and of what deep proletarian feelings had been fostered between them! Brushing away the rain from his face, Chang ran faster and faster and finally caught up with the PLA comrade and handed him the umbrella.

Taking the umbrella and seeing the mud-covered elderly poor-peasant, Chu Po-shun was so moved that he was unable to say a single word for a long time.

—*Peking Review*, February 21, 1969

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ON CAMPUS AND OFF

Peace in Our Time

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

THE CAUSE of peace on earth suffered a severe setback March 5 when skirmishes broke out at the New York Hilton Hotel, the site of something called the National Convocation on the Challenge of Building Peace, the difficulties of which task were brought home in dramatic fashion to several thousand assembled liberal convocators. The gathering was sponsored by The Fund for Education in World Order; co-sponsored by such groups as the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy; and chaired by Stewart Rawlings Mott, heir to a large chunk of General Motors stock, which sin he expiates by contributing to peace organizations and serving as a patron of the American Schizophrenia Foundation.

At first it went predictably enough. The convocation was divided into panel discussions arranged around such topics as "Is America Becoming a Militaristic Society?" (sure), "What is True Security: Ultimate Weapons?" (guess), "Are National Self-Interest and World Peace Compatible?" (of course not).

The panelists, men like Hans Morgenthau of the University of Chicago and Howard Zinn of Boston University, pretty much agreed on the essentials. Nationalism is outmoded (except, of course in the case of such countries as North Vietnam and all black African nations, which under some unexplained liberal dispensation are allowed to be nationalistic); we should junk the ABM system and sign the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty; we should stop supporting reactionary regimes; we should, as William Rusher recently predicted we would be advised to do, eschew both intervention and isolationism; don't withdraw from Vietnam but get out immediately.

Some speakers, such as Eugene Rabinowitch, editor of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, were simply incomprehensible. Mr. Rabinowitch, bedevilled by some nasal obstruction which he tried to clear throughout his talk, ended with a good thumping independent clause demanding peace which, unfortunately, suddenly shot out at a bewildered audience from ten minutes of involved dependent clauses concerning everything from evolution to sexual behavior. Others, such as Harold Lasswell of the Yale Law School, avoided the problem of incomprehensibility by saying nothing at all. Professor Lasswell, who would have felt at home as head of the Circumlocution Office in *Little Dorrit*, read a strange little talk that sounded like the abstract of a marginal Ph.D. dissertation on the semantics of social science.

There were some interesting points made. Hans Morgenthau, for instance, after demonstrating that nationalism is kaput, told the audience that "the nation-state is triumphant throughout the world." He then went on to prove that nuclear weapons are not really weapons at all, but instruments (like safety razors, one presumes, and banjos). Saul H. Mendlovitz, a gentleman in a salmon-colored shirt who teaches at Rutgers, after deploring our presumption in attempting to intervene in the internal affairs of sovereign states (which are, of course, obsolete anyhow), called for a New World Order (striking phrase) headed by a super-government which "should be able to step into the affairs of smaller nations when necessary."

The panelists were in the main academics, and if they agreed on any point (other than peace at any price, of course), it was that youth was the best hope for that New World Order and that professors should begin indoctrinating them immediately. (To the quibbler this might seem a blatant violation of academic freedom, but one must remember that that hoary concept is trotted out only at loyalty-oath time.) A Peace Academy, similar to West Point and Annapolis, was proposed, and one ingenious gentleman suggested that we give its graduates to U Thant to use as a peace-keeping force. Tyrants of the world, beware.

The focus, then, was on youth, and the moderator of the noon luncheon session was heard to ask: "Where are the young people?" The question was rhetorical, of course, but—unfortunately for the cause of peace and the mental health of liberals—it was answered.

After the chicken and peach pie, one of the three guests of honor, Senator Fulbright, stepped to the speakers' platform. He smiled out at the crowd, his lips parted, and a voice came loud and clear through the microphone:

Ho-ho-Ho Chi Minh,
The NLF is gonna win.

The audience was electrified. For a wild moment it seemed that Fulbright had finally flipped, finally followed his ideas to their logical conclusion. But then, as a young SDS-type galloped across the stage waving a huge Vietcong flag, and as others dropped flags from the balconies and ran through the audience shouting such endearments as "You're a racist pig, Mr. Fulbright," it became clear what had happened. Youth had arrived.

Three times Fulbright tried to talk, and three times he was shouted down. Jacob Javits just managed to struggle through his talk, a confused paean to the beauties of free speech, and even that man of feeling, George McGovern, who spoke of his heavy heart, was roughly handled by demonstrators salted through the audience. Unctuous Chet Huntley, who opined that someday "a little wisdom will settle on our young friends," was similarly hooted off the platform.

THE LIBERALS, of course, just hated this, and they handled it in typical liberal fashion. Stewart Mott, who wants to take the ABM money and use it to buy textile machines to send to Red China, invited the demonstrators to present their case in one minute (applause), and after a scraggly type reminded the audience that they were all racists and murderers (applause), Mott asked the police to throw the militants out (applause).

"How Can a Lasting Peace in Asia be Secured?" was the topic of the most heavily attended afternoon panel, and it was plain that the jovial atmosphere of the morning meeting had been dispelled by the antics of the demonstrators, who attended the afternoon session in great numbers. "We're going to discuss peace in our time," began Harrison Salisbury of the *New York Times*.

(Continues on page 297)

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FRANK S. MEYER

ANTI-MISSILE DEFENSE

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

By the time this column appears, it seems likely that some decision will have been publicly announced by President Nixon on the immediate future of the Sentinel Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) "thin" system—the system directed only toward providing defense against a projected "primitive" Chinese nuclear-missile attack and providing close protection to our own Minuteman complexes. Whatever Mr. Nixon may decide, however, it can only be a mere beginning. I will not predict whether, at the best, he gives the go-ahead to the full Johnson proposal, or suspends the anti-Chinese defensive system, leaving only the absolutely vital Minuteman defense, or, at the worst, suspends the entire project, as the opposition is demanding.

Even at the best, the full currently proposed "Chinese" system would be disastrously less than the minimum requirements of national survival demand. The main enemy of the United States is not China but the Soviet Union. In time it is conceivable that China will pose as great, or a greater, threat, but today both the political disintegration of China and the level of Chinese technological development make the Chinese danger minuscule compared to the Russian danger. And, in any case, a proper defense against the Soviet Union's massively increasing nuclear-missile power would, of course, be effective against any Chinese threat.

The entire debate on missile defense has been distorted by two factors. The first is the absurd assumption that the Russians, the good guys, have mellowed and the Chinese, the bad guys, are aggressive. Filtered through the media this construction has succeeded in blinding American opinion, and apparently American policy, to the patent facts of Soviet aggression in the Mideast, towards Germany, and in Vietnam (where, it should be remembered, the Russians supply nine-tenths of the aid to North Vietnam and the Vietcong).

The second factor is the opposition to a serious anti-Soviet defensive system because it might cost some $40 or $50 billion over a term of years—opposition which comes from those who are willing to spend that and much more of the taxpayers' money on a multitude of socialist, welfarist schemes. I am convinced that the average American, if the desperate nature of our need for nuclear defense were properly explained, would be willing to pay ten dollars in taxes for this purpose for any dollar he would pay for the welfarist exactions of the bureaucracy. All that would be needed to gain the full support of the American people for a massive crash program of anti-missile defense is for the President of the United States to go before the people, cut through the fog that presently confuses them, and explain why our national survival urgently demands the expenditure.

Short of such an honest leveling with the American people, perhaps the "thin" Sentinel system is the best we can hope for. It has, indeed, despite the footling "Chinese" argument on which it is based, two virtues. It will protect our offensive missile capacity for a second strike, thus making our deterrent threat reasonably credible. Further, the work done on it may be able to serve as a foundation, if and when our leaders come to their senses, for a heavier anti-Soviet system, thus saving a year or two of development.

But these are small virtues. The burning need is for a comprehensive and effective anti-missile system. The arguments against it would not be worth a moment's consideration in a saner age. The arguments against even the "thin" system, which we have been hearing in the Senate from Senator Fulbright and Senator Kennedy, are beneath contempt. There is, however, one argument against immediately proceeding with any anti-missile system, an argument which comes from men of understanding and patriotism and which deserves consideration. This is the argument which maintains that presently available technology dooms to obsolescence any ABM system that could be put into operation in the immediate future. It seems to me that there are a number of cogent answers.

To begin with, there is strong doubt whether this argument is factually sound. So far as the layman without access to top secrets can judge, there is more expert opinion in favor of Sentinel than against it, and the Joint Chiefs, who do have access to all the facts, are convinced of its soundness. On a matter so vital, it would seem that it is better to be safe than sorry. But even granted possible obsolescence, our experience with Polaris and Minuteman I shows that once a system is in being it can be continuously upgraded, as with Minuteman III and Poseidon, a great deal faster than it would take to start from scratch at some future moment when the Soviet Union had outdistanced us.

IT MAY WELL BE that in the not too distant future proper attention to research and development in the area of inner space may give us a much more effective anti-missile defense, one which could destroy enemy missiles at their launching—or that laser technology may develop an ultimate defensive weapon against missiles. But these are arguments for increasing our expenditures on such inner-space projects as the Manned Orbiting Laboratory (expenditures which have been axed again and again) and on research and development in laser technology and other fields relevant to our defense. They are not arguments against proceeding with anti-missile defense at the present level of our technology. On the speed with which we press forward our defenses, both with what is currently available and with research for the future, the survival of the United States may depend. □

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The Old Man in the Back of the Room

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Conservative Mainstream
By Frank S. Meyer
Arlington House, $8

Frank Meyer, if one can tell tales out of school, is the editor one teases at NATIONAL REVIEW (there is one such in every editorial staff). He is the house theologian, who looks darkly at any trace of heresy on the horizon, and is trained to spot the signs of it days and weeks before the lesser meteorologists feel there is any reason at all to cease romping about the maypole, come inside, and blast away. Oh how aggravating that can be, especially for those who believe that a little creative heresy is good for the system—to feel that gyroscopic tug which reminds us that whatever the splendor of our lift-off, ground control over there in Woodstock, New York is guiding us all the way, and if we would land safely, we had better leave the leash connected. The exasperation is variously and often ingeniously expressed. I remember the tail of a letter I received from Whittaker Chambers late in 1958, after the disastrous showing of the Republican Party in the congressional elections, which showing Chambers was prepared to blame on hyper-orthodoxy. . . .

> I am picking away at another piece on the Republicans. Trouble ahead here, I am afraid. It was the Old Guard the voters wiped out in the last election. If anyone supposes that my published reaction thereto was a lament for the Old Guard, anyone has completely misread the piece. If the Republican Party cannot get some grip of the actual world we live in and from it generalize and actively promote a program that means something to masses of people—why somebody else will. There will be nothing to argue. The voters will simply vote Republicans into singularity. The Republican Party will become like one of those dark little shops which apparently never sell anything. If, for any reason, you go in, you find, at the back, an old man, fingering for his own pleasure some oddments of cloth (weave and design of 1850). Nobody wants to buy them, which is fine because the old man is not really interested in selling. He just likes to hold and to feel. As your eyes become accustomed to the dim kerosene light, you are only slightly surprised to see that the old man is Frank Meyer.

But through it all, the joshing of his colleagues, most of it amiable, some of it spiked, the old man has held his ground, and enough years have gone by to encourage a feeling towards him which lies somewhere between admiration and reverence. Granted that doesn't make him any less exasperating, or his adamance any less appalling. There was a period when he and Brent Bozell struggled over a matter of orthodoxy for weeks and months over the telephone (Mr. Meyer does business only over the telephone). We were sitting at an editorial conference one day when we were interrupted with the announcement that there was an emergency telephone call for Brent Bozell from Frank Meyer. Willmoore Kendall, sitting at the end of the table, explained that an emergency telephone call between Meyer and Bozell is defined as one which interrupts their regular telephone call.

So it has gone, for ages and ages it seems, so is it now, and so it will be for as many years as Frank Meyer is associated with NATIONAL REVIEW, which is to say as many years as he has left, at age 59, to live. He will exasperate, raise niggling points of ideological fidelity, he will cozen, argue, plead, catechize, he will make a million more telephone calls and announce the necessity for one thousand more plenipotentiary editorial conferences: and, little by little, his profound attachment and profound understanding of the conservative position in America will get under more and more skins, even as, looking back, it is doubtful that anyone who has worked with him would say that he is untouched either by Meyer's intelligence, or by the intensity of his faith.

IT IS ESPECIALLY appropriate, on the eve of his sixtieth birthday, that the editors of Arlington House should have elected to put together his columns for NATIONAL REVIEW over the years, plus miscellaneous writings, into a book, *The Conservative Mainstream.* It is a book divided into three parts. The first, "Conservatism and Liberalism," gives us Meyer the theorist, attempting, and succeeding, in giving conservatism not only a foundation, but also a persona. The second, "Political Affairs—Domestic and Foreign," gives us Meyer the strategist, who recognizes that the necessity to oppose Communism is not merely a strategic necessity but a spiritual imperative. And in the third, we have Meyer on "Ideas, Forces, People" —on history, education and "men, famous and infamous." It is in this section especially that he chases after those who are heresy-bound, and others who have already crossed the line. The whole of it gives one an idea of the germanic totality of Frank Meyer's position: of the solidity, the self-confidence, the maturity of the unalloyed stuff.

The sentence I like most in Meyer's book is the one which most accurately defines his role in the contemporary picture. "What I have been attempting to do," he says in his essay "Why Freedom," "is to help articulate in

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theoretical and practical terms the instinctive consensus of the contemporary American conservative movement—a movement which is inspired by no ideological construct, but by devotion to the fundamental understanding of the men and women who made Western civilization and the American republic." Accordingly Mr. Meyer does not like it when he is called the father of the fusionist movement in American conservatism, that is to say the movement which seeks to bring together into symbiotic harmony the classical laissez faire of the nineteenth-century liberal and the reverence for tradition of Edmund Burke. His point being that the fusion was already there, that it was amply felt by the Founding Fathers, and defended empirically by conservatives during the past century and one half. That the felt need to analyze the architecture of American conservatism is not to be confused with the presumption that one is building that conservatism. It is there already; and, to use his term, what we need now is merely to recognize an "instinctive consensus" and defend it against the ravening forces that always set out to destroy anything that ought to survive. No single man's efforts to make it survive have counted more than Frank Meyer's, as any reader of this book must acknowledge, or seek exile from the growing community of admirers of this admirable man. □

FICTION

Castle to Castle
By Louis-Ferdinand Céline
Delacorte, $7.50

Victoria
By Knut Hamsun
Farrar, $4.95

Ferdinand
By Louis Zukofsky
Grossman, $3.50/$1.50 paper

ORNERY CUSSES

GUY DAVENPORT

In the background of Georges Seurat's *Une Baignarde, Asnières*— boys bathing in the Seine on a still August afternoon —one can see in the distant haze of summer a line of factories filling the entire horizon. It was there that Louis-Ferdinand Céline was born ten years after Seurat painted his calm landscape. Céline began and ended his life in the industrial suburbs of Paris. He died among the poor of Meudon in 1961, whom he had tended for a decade, largely without fees. His rise from and return to poverty spans the ugliest career in French literature. After a hard and deprived childhood he joined the army in 1912, to be wounded severely in Flanders in 1914. Discharged with seventy-five percent disability, he traveled to the Cameroons, where he succumbed to malaria and amoebic dysentery. For the next ten years his life seems quite normal, though we know from his novels in what black despair and self-torturing cynicism he actually lived. He acquired a medical degree (his thesis was characteristically on Ignaz Semmelweiss, the Hungarian doctor who went mad trying to get midwives to wash their hands), a wife and vast experience through travel of poverty and suffering.

Soon after setting up practice in 1932, he published the notorious *Journey to the End of the Night*, in which he disclosed a savage melancholy that bordered on nihilism. His black vision of inhumanity and the waste of life darkened in the equally pessimistic *Death on the Installment Plan* (1936). That same year he went to Russia, to see if things were any better. They weren't and he denounced the Communists in a rage that encompassed in his indictment the Jews, the French, the whole damned mess of a world. He continued to practice medicine during the Second World War, serving both as a ship's doctor and with an ambulance corps. After the fall of France his allegiances not unsurprisingly were confusingly ambiguous. He went to Germany and found himself, while it fell, one of the millions of random refugees without country or haven. At one point we can watch him crossing Germany with his cat Brébert and his second wife, headed toward prison any way he turned. Eventually the Danes arrested him and turned him over to the French who tried him twice, finding him at first guilty of collaboration and then innocent. By this time he was ruined both in health and reputation. He became a doctor to the poor, living simply with his animals—dogs, cats, birds, and a hedgehog. It is not known where he is buried.

Castle to Castle—the title refers to the military prisons in which he was detained in Germany during and after the war—was published in 1957, and is now translated by Ralph Manheim, the brilliant translator of Günter Grass. Like all of Céline's books, it is neither novel nor autobiography, but something between. The phrases in which he habitually writes (". . . same racket. . . . If you ask me, that takes the green banana . . . 1,200 francs a day . . .") are spat out as invective or groaned to high heaven. His language is alive, wild, and

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utterly filthy. Yet it is clear that it is the language of a grieving man, as well as the language of a man too honest even to have considered deluding himself with a bit of sane fantasy.

Nor, for all his rage, is he a cruel man; his medical practice, his terrifying honesty, and his love of animals approached a kind of saintly madness. Part Albert Schweitzer, part Mexican bandit, he has thus far excluded himself from easy comprehension. Life sickened him, but he did not abandon it, and the violent damnations he shouted in its teeth contain a great measure of solicitude. Certainly this violent memory of cowardice, arrogance and hatred among Frenchmen during the Second World War was not written by a man who didn't care that such things were corroding mankind.

KNUT HAMSUN (1859-1952), like Céline, was convicted of collaboration with the Nazis, but unlike him was not exonerated by a later trial. He was fined 325,000 *krone* and every Norwegian who owned his novels mailed their copies to him all at once, creating a mountain of books at his local post office. He was an old man in his eighties when the Nazis came; he saw in them some dim fulfillment of his life-long adulation of the mysteries of race, "the land," and destinies written deep down in the blood. The American poet Robert Bly has recently translated *Hunger*; and *Pan*, which once had a heady heyday in the Europe of Art Nouveau, Ibsen and D'Annunzio, has also been re-issued. Hamsun is a fine novelist, skilled in the old virtues of tone and psychological depth. His pages are as brooding as the Norwegian forests. *Victoria*, well translated by Oliver Stallybrass, is as transparent as a folktale and as gorgeously tragic as an opera. It is what used to be known as "a love story," and depicts human beings with what used to be called soul—all of Hamsun's qualities are now museum pieces, wonderful to behold, if only for the intoxicating nostalgia they evoke.

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY is that peculiarly American phenomenon, the writer too good for any known audience, and, if that weren't enough to keep him solidly within the obscurity of his excellence, a writer so indifferent to fame that he has never lifted a finger in his own interest. He has built up a body of work that has influenced practically every poet worth reading today, and yet there is no reference book in which his name may be found. His poetry is wonderfully lyrical and wonderfully intelligent—and no one has developed a taste for intelligent poetry in about fifty years. His prose, which ranges from long books about Shakespeare to fiction to essays with a good hard idea per half inch of type, is equally good—but equally terse, guileless and uncompromising.

At least one can now walk into a bookstore and *buy* a work of Zukofsky's. Norton has published his complete lyric poems (*All*, in two volumes); *Bottom*, the Shakespeare book, is published by the University of Texas [NATIONAL REVIEW, Oct. 6, 1964]; and Doubleday has begun publishing his long poem *A*, one of the most beautiful books in English. British publishers have brought out *Prepositions*, his collected critical prose, and will soon issue his translation of Catullus—a feat so astounding as to seem mad, for the poet has kept the vowels and consonants of the original so closely that the translation when read aloud sounds like the Latin. This, let us notice, is not easy, especially if we can still make sense of the English, which we can, and with delight.

Ferdinand came out in Kyoto some years ago; Zukofsky has always been available at the ends of the earth—Stuttgart, North Carolina, Japan, Texas—and is now published in England and America for the first time. Like anything else of Zukofsky's, it is both familiar and strange. It is a short novel sounding something like Walser or Kafka, though derivative from neither. It is a novel from which all the fashionable impedimenta have been removed and which none of the fashionable clichés of motivation and characterization ever got into. It neatly eludes (as if it never heard of them) realism, surrealism, symbolism, and everything else characteristic of the modern novel. The author doesn't seem to know very much about his characters, and the effect of this is like a whiff of April air. He writes without guile, intelligently recording a story of great moment and impact as if he were watching it through a telescope. Reality paradoxically increases with distance.

The story we read is obviously not the story that happened: not quite. A young man in Genoa (presumably) grows up and goes to Paris (presumably) and then to the United States (presumably). He has adventures, knows people, and has from the first page been moving inexorably toward a moment when fate draws tight the knot he has blindly woven. But *Ferdinand* is not for addicts of the novel; it is for

RANDOM NOTES

■ ALL ABOUT THEM: Isaac Don Levine, who knew the Bolsheviks when, has written *Intervention: The Causes and Consequences of the Czech Invasion* (McKay, May, $4.50). . . . *Rule of Terror*, by Hellmut Andics, traces Russia's reliance on terror from Lenin through Stalin and beyond (Holt, July, $5.95). . . . Paul V. Blackstock's *The Secret Road to World War II* is the story of Russian intelligence and counter-intelligence since 1917 (Quadrangle, $8.95). . . . The Communist playwright gets his in *The Case Against Bertolt Brecht*, by Gerhart Szezesny, which traces Brecht's caving-in as revealed in the successive versions of his Galileo play (Ungar, $4.50). . . . On the same theme, Jürgen Rühle's *Literature and Revolution* is an enormous study of the effect of Communist theory and practice on twentieth-century writers, among them Malraux, Thomas Mann, Lorca, Koestler and Brecht (Praeger, $12.50).

■ TRIVIA of the future: Peter Weiss' new play is entitled *Discourse on the Progress of the Prolonged War of Liberation in Vietnam and the Events Leading Up to It as Illustration of the Necessity for Armed Resistance against Oppression and on the Attempts of the United States of America to Subvert the Principles of Revolution.* You can buy the play along with another, *Song of the Lusitanian Bogey*, about Portuguese imperialism (Atheneum, summer).

■ HUMOR: Dan Greenburg, author of *How To Be a Jewish Mother*, has done *Filthy Pictures—The Shame of Our Art Museums*, a collection of great paintings with clothes added (Random House, May, $2.95). . . . Don't miss *Who's Who in American Lunacy*, by Al Capp, who should know (Macmillan, May, $4.95). . . . R. Crumb is back with more 1930-style *avant-garde* comic-strippery, in *Fritz the Cat* (Viking, $4.95/$2.50 paperback). . . . Bill Adler's latest pastiche is, honest, *Bridge Players Write the Funniest Letters to Charles H. Goren* (Doubleday, $3.95).

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people who have never read a novel and for people who have read too many. Or, to say this another way, it is not so much a novel as the distilled essence of a novel, and therefore strictly for the innocent or the wise; the sophisticated will make nothing whatever of it. □

The Military Half
By Jonathan Schell
Vintage, $1.65

HALF A WAR HALF GLIMPSED

STEVEN C. SCHUELLER

The Military Half, which first appeared in the *New Yorker*, is an account of the author's first-hand experiences in South Vietnam's Quang Ngai and Quang Tin provinces in August 1967. Mr. Schell is indeed generous to the reviewer as his first two pages summarize the book's weaknesses—although unfortunately, he does not recognize them as such. He writes from the vantage point of "several weeks" spent with United States forces. (I am reminded of an American resident of Saigon of fourteen years, who to my intimation that he must by now be expert in Vietnamese affairs replied: "It's those who have been here three days who are the experts.") And he says that he is "writing about a certain, *limited segment* of the war—about destruction by the American forces, as I observed it (*mostly from the air*), of a *particular rural area* of South Vietnam." (Emphasis mine.)

Not only has he witnessed action in a limited area, but the area selected is unique in that it had been a stronghold of the Vietcong, already designated as early as 1948 a "free zone" by Ho Chi Minh, meaning "liberated" from the French. He explains: "From August 10th to August 21st, I flew with the FAC pilots attached to the 101st almost daily, lived with them in their quarters, and ate my meals with them on the base." This means, we learn, that he met six pilots and flew with them on three-hour flights on seven days. From this broad experience plus interviews with the Quang Tin Province Chief, the Senior Adviser for Quang Ngai Province, an American provincial adviser for refugees and information officers at Chu Lai and Danang, observation of the evacuation of Tuyet Diem, and a "talk for fifteen minutes or so with several members of a group of about a hundred civilians" he extrapolates to "the overriding, fantastic fact that we are destroying, seemingly by inadvertence, the very country we are supposedly protecting."

The greatest weakness of the book, however, arises from the fact that Mr. Schell came to Vietnam as an opponent of American policy. "If one disaster after another is visited upon the Vietnamese people," he writes, "these disasters are the inevitable consequence of our intervention in the war, rather than any extraordinary misconduct on the part of our troops." The only problem for him is to determine where to place the blame—on American GIs or their political leaders. Nowhere in his judgment is the enemy a factor. He simply accepts the enemy presence; if there is violence and destruction, well, of course, it's the fault of Americans seeking out the enemy. Apparently Mr. Schell's idea of the way a war ought to be fought, if it is to be fought at all, is to have both sides pair off in a large, open, deserted field and have at it. That war is a contest for population and specific geography is alluded to in quotations from others, but ignored by the author. Presumably if the population refuses to leave the area despite warnings the war must be canceled.

Actually, to read Mr. Schell, one would doubt that there are any VC really down there at all. He ridicules the pilot's means of detecting VC from the air (sometimes justifiably), never bothering to wonder whether they might not have learned more of the problem in their daily flights than he in his few three-hour experiences. Mr. Schell sees only civilians and estimates that 50,000 civilian casualties were inflicted by Americans per year since 1965 in Quang Ngai Province. (Again, whether the casualties might have been produced by the enemy is not considered.) As Vietnam has forty-three provinces, if one were to extrapolate from this to the entire country, there would be 2,150,000 civilian casualties *per year* as compared to the total of some 450,000 enemy casualties reported since 1961. Obviously these inferences are absurd, but Mr. Schell in fact treats Quang Ngai as typical of the forty-three provinces in drawing his conclusions. Even his data is inaccurate for the province in question. The figures were provided him by a foreign surgeon at the provincial hospital where there is in fact no means to determine which of the wounded are truly civilians and which are Vietcong.

OTHER DISTORTIONS EXIST. He critically describes the psychological warfare techniques, but nowhere mentions results. The Chieu Hoi program has produced thousands of defectors, many of whom lead American troops to hidden weapons and to the units from which they came. Also, since the author doesn't see the constructive half he presumes it does not exist. He recounts the bombing of two churches. I personally know of four churches erected through American aid in the Di An and Thu Duc districts alone. He describes the sufferings of newly displaced refugees but says nothing of the construction materials, food, clothing, medical care and physical labor so often and so widely provided. My unit alone provides medical care to three orphanages and three hamlets, contributes food to several orphanages, and garbage for their pigs, and has sent two girls to study in the United States.

The superficiality of the author's knowledge of the country and the war shows glaringly through in many offhand remarks. He persists in terming it a guerrilla conflict, whereas, in fact, the guerrilla aspect has been long a minor factor and the war would now be long ended were it not for main-unit NVA forces with sanctuary in Laos and Cambodia, supplied through Hanoi and Haiphong. He states that the majority of Vietnamese are Buddhist, a debatable statistic (cf. Marguerite Higgins' *Our Vietnam Nightmare*) and calls the Cao Dai a Buddhist sect, which would be news to Buddhists and Cao Dai alike.

On the positive side, the book is an excellent descriptive narrative which provides the reader with a vivid portrait of the war's techniques and character—the mini-guns, Spooky, the artillery and tactical bombing, the life of the base camp and its similarity to the Indian wars of our past. One weakness of this descriptive narrative, however, is his reporting in all seriousness conversations of draftees regarding the basis of the war and the constant banter of servicemen regarding, for instance, individual and inter-service rivalries. He is unable to distinguish a possible high school drop-out's reflections or superficial bar talk from the reasoning of the war's planners. This banter, for him, reflects significant "conflicts of conscience."

The author's main concern is the

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refugee problem and destruction of civilian property. His is an admirable description of the inherent cruelty and injustice of war and this war in particular. He, for instance, notes the stupidity and callousness of the American foot soldier who in his dealings with Vietnamese civilians too often regards anyone who cannot speak fluent English as hopelessly ignorant and unworthy of assistance. I do not wish to dismiss this aspect of the work; it is a valuable service indeed. It is Mr. Schell's overview which is defective. He cannot see the jungle for the few palms he sees toppled by artillery.

WERE MR. SCHELL to complete his graduate training and return to Vietnam when he has more than a few weeks to spend out of his summer vacation—perhaps even after a year or so in stateside military service so that he might be better able to evaluate military speech—and there spend some time on the ground, including the enemy in his observations, we might expect a first-rate account of the war. As it is, *The Military Half* is important principally as a prime example of the reasoning of the youthful war opposition—it has a valid minor point but it is basically uninformed. □

Collective Bargaining—The Power to Destroy: New and Better Ways to Industrial Peace
By Merryle Stanley Rukeyser
Delacorte, $7.50

THE TOILING MASSES AND A' THAT

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

The principal virtue of this book is in its tone. As a skilled journalist and economic analyst for several decades, Rukeyser knows that the truth of the labor-management confrontation must lie somewhere between that awful vale of sorrow where the crown of thorns is thrust down upon the brow of labor, and the socialist path to the rubbish heap of history where gangster unionism and labor hoodlums are wrecking our free enterprise system. Labor, says Mr. Rukeyser, is neither Lucifer nor Lord, and the escutcheons in the boardrooms are not blotless either.

Still and all, I would like to see Mr. Rukeyser come to grips with a couple

of questions that seem to me to lie at the heart of the labor question. The first question has to do with the actual power of organized labor and the probable future trend of labor's power. Rukeyser cites the well-known statistics on the decline in union membership as a proportion of the total labor force; he even devotes a chapter to the obsolescence of labor unionism. But if labor is over the hill, if union rhetoric about "economic royalists" makes no sense to affluent union members of today, if labor's share of the employment pie is declining—why all the fuss about the power of big labor? Isn't it clear that this is one of those things that time will take care of?

THE SECOND MAIN PROBLEM that manages to escape really serious scrutiny is the whole institutional framework in which labor has grown to monopoly size in several industries. Rukeyser seems to accept these fundamental givens in the situation and to plead for goodness and understanding on all sides. Yet he offers the most convincing evidence that human nature (whether employing or employed) seldom resists the temptation to throw its weight around once it acquires real power—and no one knows better than Rukeyser that labor unions still possess real power.

Reading between the lines, I am tempted to conclude that Mr. Rukeyser is of the opinion that organized monopoly big-boss labor unionism is in a terminal decline and that the statesmanlike thing to do is to treat with labor patiently and sympathetically until such time as it shall exist no more. Meanwhile a million children in New York City are entitled to ask why the schools are all closed down.

Still the book is worth looking at, if only for its judicious—its maddeningly judicious—tone. A little oatmeal is good with the kippers. Rukeyser's will stand alongside the more surgical works of Sylvester Petro and Donald Richberg. I should also mention Paul R. Hays' *Labor Arbitration: A Dissenting View*, which should greatly temper Mr. Rukeyser's arguments in Chapter 9; and Herbert Northrup's *Boulwarism*, a careful study of the best system yet developed for major corporate managements to deal with major entrenched industrial unionism.

Well, where does this leave us? We still have a situation in which Mr. Albert Shanker can close all the schools in New York or old man Gleason stop all the shipping on the East Coast. No one is prepared to argue that such power is theirs of right and justly and they may dispose of it as they will. No, even the union leaders themselves now feel constrained to defend their strike decisions as last-ditch maneuvers forced upon them by some fiendish outside force. Down deep, the people who deprive children of their schooling cannot feel anything but shame for themselves, and therein the seeds of regeneration shall germinate. When the institutions have grown up so twisted that they cannot function except shamefully, then the institutions have lost the power to compel allegiance.

But this is precisely the argument of the people who fight in favor of voluntary unionism. The National Right to Work Committee has never departed from its slogan that a good union doesn't need the power to compel mem-

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bership and a bad union doesn't deserve it. Ultimately the day will be carried by the forces of voluntarism. We shall have unions—good unions, and good because their only hope of keeping their membership is to provide a real service to them. Destructive strikes are no service. Sweetheart contracts with corrupt managements are no service. Jurisdictional disputes create no wealth. I think that most of the problems Mr. Rukeyser raises will be settled amicably when all fifty states avail themselves of the power, under Section 14-b of the Taft-Hartley Act, to prohibit compulsory union membership as a condition of keeping a job. □

FILM CHRONICLE

COMEDY—A MIXED BAG

RICHARD CORLISS

Think it's easy to make a successful comedy film? That it was a simpler task for Robert Riskin and Frank Capra to produce laughter in *It Happened One Night* than it was for Henri Bergson to write his famous essay on the subject? Think again.

Humorists are not often cited as great writers or film-makers (too easy, you know); but it may be more difficult to write great comedy than great tragedy. While it's often the familiar that makes us respond to drama—"That's just the way it happened to me" or "That's just the way it should have happened"—comedy must rely on the unfamiliar, the unexpected, to provoke reaction. It must also rely on the viewer's innate sadism. Mel Brooks said, "When I fall down a manhole and break my neck, it's tragedy; when *you* do it, it's comedy." Human degradation, as long as it's the other guy's, gets a big laugh.

The degradation of some of Sadist-and-Tinseltown's most overpriced personalities is about the only point of interest in *Candy*, a made-in-Italy (and ineptly) would-be sex romp that is itself a degradation of the Hoffenberg-Southern smut charade of a few ages back. (No mean feat, that.) For $3, or whatever your local bear-baiter is charging these days, you get to see Richard Burton parody himself parodying Dylan Thomas; Ringo Starr mimic Chico Marx mimicking Ricardo Montalban; James Coburn ape El Cordobes aping Dr. Kildare; Walter Matthau burlesque George C. Scott burlesquing Curtis LeMay; and Marlon Brando satirize Lee Strasberg satirizing the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

All of this is dreadful, except for Burton-Thomas's scarf, fluttering in the breeze even when he's indoors (which is funny), Brando's shifting of *patois* from East Indian to East Bronx (which is appealing), and Coburn's victory march, after a surgical success, flaunting a blood-soaked middle finger (which is appalling, but a bit ingenuous). It's the sort of hack film work you can't imagine *any* of the participants being proud of. All you can hope is that the stars had a pleasant Roman holiday.

THERE'S NO NEED to waste much space on *Barbarella* (directed, without a sense of direction, by Roger Vadim; starring, without any sense at all, Jane Fonda), since it is practically *Candy*'s identical twin—and an uglier couple of brats you haven't met since Gog and Magog. Both films are "international productions": films without a country, or a legible signature, that have that washed-out, uninspired "studio" look; careless and rootless. (We should probably blame *What's New Pussycat?* for starting this cycle of over-produced, underthought pastiches—but it may be Fellini's fault: from *La Dolce Vita* on, his films began in opulence and ended in decadence.) Both films are about innocent, delectable bonbons whose naïvete turns them into tarts. Both give cameo roles to male stars; the idea is for the eponymous morsel to be devoured by a series of celebrities in wolves' clothing. And both recoil from any real humor as readily as Candy and Barbarella should have shrunk from their predators' advances. The Fonda flick has a slightly lower rate of degradation; the budget was smaller, the unwitting superstars fewer.

To prove that a film doesn't need stars and staff selected by a UN Committee to be a resounding fizzle, let us trudge down to *Great Catherine* (Bernard Shaw) and *Decline and Fall . . . of a Bird Watcher* (Evelyn Waugh). If these best of twentieth-century English comic writers knew what presumably devoted film-makers had done to their respective works, Shaw would shudder, and Waugh would weep. Though *Great Catherine*—Zero Mostel, frenetic; Peter O'Toole, apathetic; Jeanne Moreau, pathetic; funny miniature replay of Bunker Hill; exciting and irrelevant dance number, Nijinsky *via* Michael Kidd; expensive costumes; expensive *ennui*—defies writing about or sitting through, Shaw had been well served during his interminable lifetime by Gabriel Pascal who, assisted by the superb Wendy Hiller, turned *Pygmalion* and *Major Barbara* into irredeemably stagey, irresistibly satisfying movies. Waugh has had no such luck.

As we read a novel, we unavoidably make our own film adaptation. We cast the characters, give importance to certain scenes by slowing down our reading pace, choose the sets (from some remembered home or guided tour) and even call the shots, which are usually close-ups—for descriptive detail and emphasis of dialogue. The advantages a novel has over films are density of detail and depth of thought; our close-ups are often inside the character's mind.

Almost anyone who has gone through this process with *Decline and Fall* could have produced a film version preferable to Ivan Foxwell's current one. It begins well, but just as we think we're settling down with an old-fashioned funny comedy, the film starts its own decline and fall, and our aspirations tumble with it. Instead of settling down, we settle—first for a pleasant schoolboy send-up, then for a few good scenes, then for a clever remark or two, and finally for some angry audience reaction. Hardly any of this is forthcoming. Toward the end there is one hilarious sequence: when Philbrick and Col. Grimes describe Prendergast's death—decapitation by a criminally insane carpenter—to the tune of "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," but this is, line for line, from the book. The film has a flat-footed fidelity to the original that makes one wonder how good Waugh really was; a rereading should dispel any suspicions. Now that *The Loved One* and *Decline and Fall* have been filmically, fatally mangled (though not, sad to say, beyond recognition), well-meaning producers are asked to stay away from *Black Mischief* and *Brideshead*. Let Waugh rest in peace.

ABOUT THIS TIME, you turn in desperation to great comedies of the movie past. And they *were* great. The Chaplin shorts, Lloyd's *The Freshman*, Keaton's *The General*, the screwball comedies of the Thirties, the Preston Sturges satires of the Forties, the Alec Guinness comedies of the early Fifties, *Some Like It Hot*, *The Manchurian Candidate*, *Dr. Strangelove*. . . Full stop. It seems that

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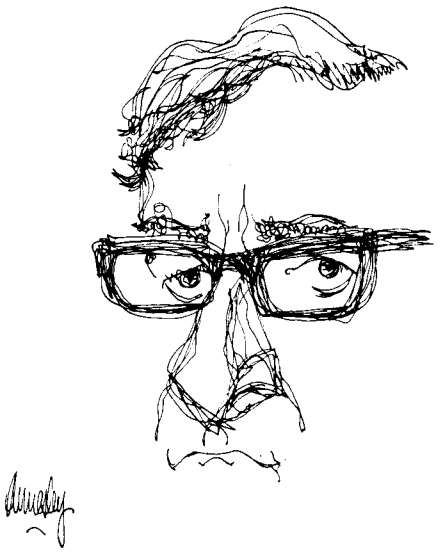
comedy is most easily sustained in a short film, or in a feature with a picaresque motif, many subplots and crazy characters. Rarely will a one-plot feature comedy work, unless the idea is sure-fire and the structure tight (as in *Candidate* and *Strangelove*), or—and here's where theory must surrender to the caprices of the comic muse—unless talented writers, directors and actors are functioning in top form. Perhaps, you think, it's as simple as that: if Billy Wilder is inspired, we get *Some Like It Hot*; if he's not, we get *Kiss Me, Stupid.* And what's Red Skelton doing tonight?

At this point, you should rush out of your doldrums and go directly to a theater playing *Greetings!*, *Hot Millions*, or *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas.* If none of these pictures quite measures up to past glories, they are at least planted firmly in a respectable comedy tradition, and they carry on that tradition with energy and pride. *Toklas* is a Sixties screwball comedy. It throws Peter Sellers, a normal, neurotic nebbish, into the hippie half-world, and shows him first embracing the body of psychedelic experience and then, after acid indigestion has set in, rejecting both the straight life and the zigzagging *Zeitgeist* of Head-dom. The script, by Paul Mazurky and Larry Tucker, is honest, sympathetic to both sides—and funny! And Sellers reminds us (we needed it) that he is our best comic actor.

Greetings! (written and filmed by Chuck Hirsch and Brian De Palma) follows, with endearing erraticism, in the tradition of Sturges' stinging satires, though without the lumpy sentimentality that weighed down his films. The first half-hour, tracing a young New Yorker's attempts to evade the draft, is by far the best. But, even when the pace slackens and the jokes go flat, *Greetings!* has a relaxed quality that suggests, as do the comedy shorts of Robert Nelson, that its creators are genuinely funny people who aren't trying very hard. If any of the film's plots were described in cold, stern print, they would seem totally tasteless; but, again, *Greetings!* is so far-out, friendly and relaxed, the way the most attractive hippies are, that the picture transcends, or simply obliterates, questions of taste. You won't hate yourself or Hirsch and De Palma after seeing *Greetings!* You'll just ask for a little more cohesion, and a lot more editing, next time.

Hot Millions marks the return of Peter Ustinov to his rightful pedestal as Renaissance Man in Charge of Mid-



dle-Brow Humor. Like *Toklas* and *Greetings!*, *Hot Millions* is modest and loose-limbed; one would call it a "little" picture—but, just now, we're happy to see a clever little picture. In the tradition of the Guinness comedies, Ustinov plays a charming embezzler whose brilliant scheme (he's trying to defraud a check-endorsing computer) backfires through oversight or romance. The film is pleasantest when director Eric Till, who lacks both style and guile, focuses on Ustinov and his bird (Maggie Smith), and heaviest when U.S. Imperialist Karl Malden intrudes—the man is incapable of comedy, except in dramatic roles. *Hot Millions* ambles on and on, and before you realize it, you're out on the street trying to recall exactly what you liked about it, and why it's so much more delightful than *Candy*, and *Barbarella*, and *The Great Catherine*, and *Decline and Fall*, and *The Fireman's Ball*, and *The Impossible Years*, and all those other galumphing disasters. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

REVOLUTION FOR THE HELL OF IT, *by Free [Abbie Hoffman] (Dial, $4.95 cloth/$1.95 paperback).* W. S. Gilbert once wrote a Shakespearean parody in which Queen Gertrude said, "Hamlet is idiotically sane/ With lucid intervals of lunacy." So it is with Hoffman, who has written a rambling and sometimes amusing account of life in the Lumpenleft. His child's garden of versus deals mostly with Chicago, which he calls "a moral and strategic victory for us." No anguished outcries here. Hoffman states simply that his Yippies were out to blow the cops' minds; and they did. The media were the message. The symbiotic relationship between the Left and television, magazine and big newspaper journalism is lovingly detailed. "The guy from *Life* was a good guy. Very young and sensitive. One of us, really. He let me live off his expense account." The Left has long been divided against itself, and Hoffman cannot resist an occasional potshot against the Students for a Democratic Society and the more academic brethren, with their prattle about "affinity groups," and the like. This didn't sit well with Jack Newfield, among others. Newfield wrote that Hoffman's fantasies were "recipes for private amusement and public catastrophe." Conservatives, remembering the adage that says the enemy of my enemy is my friend, may smile. But Hoffman's is a blueprint for chaos, and he is a descendant of Ned Ludd. On the other hand, he warns: "Maintain a sense of humor. People who take themselves too seriously are power crazy. If they win it will be haircuts for us all. BEWARE OF POWER FREAKS." The Yippies are not all bad. One wonders if Hoffman, who admits to quite a few LSD trips, knows that power, and haircuts, are what the Left is about.

J. C. SMITH

THE ART OF THE DANCE IN THE USSR, *by Mary Grace Swift (University of Notre Dame Press, $15.00).* Had Anatoly V. Lunacharsky not been a balletomane, the great institution of Russian ballet might have perished at the outset of the Revolution, put to the sword by Bolshevik fanatics who saw little need of what Lenin himself considered "a piece of pure *pomeshchik* [landowner] culture." Lunacharsky, the Bolsheviks' first Commissar of Enlightenment, could not bring himself to destroy the past; nor could he be turned from his vision of ballet in the service of the revolution. Besides, the workers adored it. Not till 1927 did Russian dancers manage to present their protector with the perfect propaganda entertainment: *The Red Poppy*. You can read the savagely didactic libretto of this work, and scores of others more imbecilic, in this book, which records with unmincing accuracy the price paid by Soviet ballet over the decades for an ideological purity that alone guarantees the maintenance of its awesome physical apparatus. The author, a professor of Russian history at Loyola in New Orleans, knows her ballet, and her politics, both East and West. Her research is breathtaking, and she includes an extremely odd "Repertoire Index" released in 1929, a kind of state-approved consumers' guide to the ballet (*Giselle* is rated "C"—"Not completely supportable ideologically but not forbidden"). The illustrations, however, are nothing special, and one group portrait, of the Leningrad Choreographic Institute's class of '21, is misleadingly captioned. Balanchine is not the boy on the left but the second from the right. Three years later he left Russia for good. A. CROCE

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

DELECTATIONS

A GUIDE TO WINESPEAK

NOW THAT we are being so madly cultural about our food and drink, I find it touching that people put so much faith in the words of writers like myself, rather than trust in their own taste and judgment. Far be it from them to doubt the prose that flows so copiously from our pens. No, dear reader, I won't mention any names. I propose to pillory no one but myself as I am not yet able to retire from the business. I merely wish to muse about the subject of wine, which is such a fertile ground for the lush spoutings of our prose, and for the astonishing attitudes of our readers.

What beats me is why people wish to be told, in unmistakable terms, about things which after all are matters of taste and opinion, and which they can settle for themselves with a rather small outlay and practically no trouble. I can see that the voice of ultimate authority may be desirable in the purchase and enjoyment of a washing machine or a Picasso. But in matters of wine, the most expensive ones (I am thinking of Moselles and Rhines) cost no more than $80. I admit that this is a high price for a bottle of wine, though it certainly does not compare to the prices of the things that the people of our affluent society desire to have opinions about, and even to enjoy. With wines, they can form excellent opinions in the price range from $1 to $7.50 if they don't want to spend more.

As for the drinking, you'd think that this would be no more difficult than pouring the contents into some sort of vessel, lifting the vessel to the lips and taking a swallow, the way it has been done for thousands of years. But no, not in this our land of plenty. Here the citizens wait, nay expect, the word from the wine pundits before they can enjoy a glass of the stuff. And the wine pundits give their opinions with all the moral assurance of the Assembly of the Church of Scotland and the undeviating line of a Communist Party presidium.

Of course, the real problem is how to describe wine, which like all matters of taste, is basically indescribable. So a nomenclature has been set up, with words like smooth, mellow, crisp, clean, sprightly, full- or light-bodied, brisk, lively, fatigued and so on. All this would be very well if these words meant the same to all the people who read them. But they don't. What is lively in Ashtabula is not lively at Cheetah, what is brisk to young conservatives in New York is not so to Alabama Democrats. As for softness, opulence, grace, elegance, finesse, rich, fleshy, flashy, round, ripe, sick and/or gallant, these are fighting words, with vastly different meanings which depend on the social class, economic background, age, lustfulness, frustration, avariciousness and other attributes of the user. Yet these are the words that our trusting readers wish to be guided by, *poveri innocenti*, as we say in Italy.

Thus, we writers often plunge into purple prose. Ah, those ecstatic descriptions relating to landscapes, works of art, mystical visions, wonder-of-it-all and the spiritual and physical attributes of men and women, such as the nostalgic smell of the floor wax in the parlor of the cloistered nuns of Medina Sidonia, or the sight of the wash fluttering on a barge on the Rhine, or the crooked little finger of a maiden partaking *un coup de rouge* with a blue-smocked old man in a bistro in the Charente. Then there are the technical writers, who instruct with all the grace of computer programmers. Do not dare to question them, for theirs is the infallibility of the technical expert, the god of our age. They will tell you what vintage is right, what wine is right with what, what glass is right, what bottle opener and wine cradle are right. And then the wine historians, men of immense erudition—at the sight of a bottle of South African port, they will be reminded of the grapes the younger Darius planted in Lower Slobodia, which played such a decisive role in that country's revival of Manichaeism in the eighteenth century. They make you feel even more unworthy by remarking that only civilized man can appreciate a glass of *vin ordinaire*. The Wine Snobs will tell you nothing but the gossip associated with certain wines. They will say: "Ah, that old *blagueur* of Pontenouilli with his great spats and his new presses! But his wife, who was born a Debrouillarde, got the better of him, though she always sipped her wine through a veil."

Equally interesting are the Wine Debunkers, with their robust and frank attitudes. They will describe a white wine as "lark's piss" and a red one as "redolent of subway-in-the-rush-hour atmosphere." The Vintage and the Label Snobs will always tell of a wine that is better than the one that they are supposed to describe: the *right* wine was grown four vineyards up the river, and by the man who owns the other part of the vineyard, on the southeast corner. Then there are the Rare-and-Precious-Wine writers, who are full of the Chateau Auslese 1879 of which only five and a half bottles could be made because of an early frost. The Great-Little-Wine-Find writers will steer you to a liquor store in Upper Troy, where they found that delicious sour red they so enjoyed in a sailors' tavern in Toulouse. As for the Foreign-*versus*-American-, and American-*versus*-Foreign-Wine writers, they use language that one would not dream of reproducing in a family journal like NATIONAL REVIEW.

SO WHAT is a reader to do when he wants to find out about wine? When personal experimentation is not possible, go after the words of a writer who uses them in the same sense you do and whose opinions you like or hate; either will clarify your own. Having thus delivered myself of my own and put my readers on the alert, I will, in the next Delectations, write about some of the wines I myself have enjoyed. □

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LETTERS

(cont. from p. 262)

desirable that the President should be independent not only of the national legislature but of the states as well. As Rufus King truly said: "It was with the people the Constitution meant to place the election of the Chief Magistrate, that being the source least liable to be corrupt."

That a national plebiscite is not the only means of putting the Presidency on the great foundation of the people is quite true. Some would prefer the district system or the proportional system of electoral voting. The latter I would oppose because I fear that it would have undesirable side-effects; but the former I have myself advocated for more than twenty years and still advocate. I think that both the national plebiscite and the district systems are so immeasurably superior to the general ticket system that I don't very much care which of them is adopted.

Mr. Saegert, I hope, will note this remark, for if he won't buy the particular kind of snake oil that he thinks I am peddling, perhaps I can sell him another brand. My arguments in favor of the district system can be found in the *Political Science Quarterly* for March 1949, and at greater length in my book called *The Electoral College*.

I cannot, however, go along with Mr. Saegert in thinking that any reform can be got from the independent action of the state legislatures. The same competitive reasons that induced them willy-nilly to adopt the general ticket system in the rst place would prevent them from abondoning it now. In any case nothing could be worse than a system in which different modes of election prevailed in different states at the same time and in the same state at different times. and in the same state at different times. The election would become a political farce and its outcome would depend almost as much on the mode of voting as on the will of the people. If the electoral votes are retained, I think it would make very little difference whether they were cast directly by the people or by the intermediate agents of the people. Mr. Saegert's notion, that the Electoral College could in time of crisis save the people from themselves, leaves me bemused. Experience has shown that the voters will not choose an Elector without first binding him to vote for a particular candidate. And it is difficult to see how a body meeting in dispersion on one day in 51 cities, and limited to a single balloting, could find a man upon whom to concentrate their votes in violation of their pledges.

Mr. McCarthy, in his wholly thoughtful letter, has raised a point that I may have underemphasized but didn't entirely overlook. It was raised in the Federal Convention by members who pointed out that

(Continues on p. 297)

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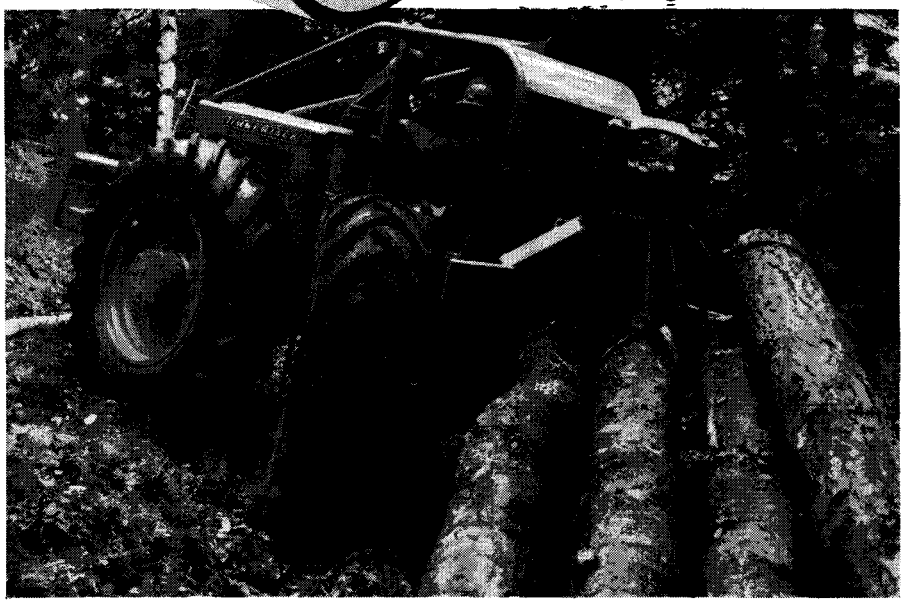

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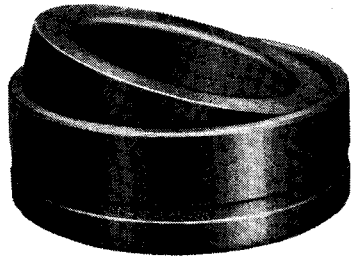

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (MARCH 11)

[Felix] MARTI-IBANEZ: [The] EPIC OF MEDICINE.

Greek medicine is not the beginning, but the *middle* of the history of medicine. More than two thousand years separate Hippocrates from Imhotep, and about as many years separate Hippocrates and Fleming. Only by being aware of this fact can one realize how ancient medicine is.

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COYNE

(cont. from p. 284)

One could almost see the furled umbrella as the liberal panelists, determined to appease the demonstrators, made statements to which few SDSers would take exception. Our policy in Vietnam is as destructive as Stalinism, said Neil Sheehan, another *New York Times*man. "Mao is the greatest figure of the twentieth century," said Richard Pfeffer, fellow of the Adlai Stevenson Institute of International Affairs. "We are the Germans of 1936," said Professor Howard Zinn, teacher of youth, to great applause. A couple of panelists, notably Herman Kahn (who plays on the wrong team but apparently doesn't know it), tried to inject reason into the proceedings, but there is little room for reason when an audience is working itself up to a peak of masochism. Better just to break out the whips and get it over with.

And so the U.S. got a good flogging from the peaceniks, who probably went a little farther than they intended. But youth must be served, and, after all, as the milkmaid said to the bishop, once you try it it feels kind of good. The liberals have begun to listen to the SDS just as Neville Chamberlain would have done. Perhaps we will once again have peace in our time. □

LETTERS

(cont. from p. 295)

Virginia would have very little weight in an election by the people because of her restrictive suffrage laws. But I was much struck by Madison's answer that, with all its imperfections, an election by the people was best, and that he for one was willing to make the sacrifice. The district system would obviate this difficulty and at the same time get rid of all the evils of the general ticket system. But if the district system, which (like Madison) I regard as the equivalent of a national plebiscite, cannot be adopted, the question reappears. Is is not, however, quite as formidable as it was in 1787. The suffrage laws of the several states are not as disparate as they once were. In consequence, I regard the problem as of secondary importance.

Every system has its flaws. The present one could be attacked on the ground that shifts in population between successive censuses work to the advantage of some states and to the detriment of others. But if that were its only error, one might be disposed to accept it as a rub of the green.

New York, N.Y. LUCIUS WILMERDING

PHILLIPS

(cont. from page 281)

mension is not effectively restored to American life, we shall reach a state of spiritual disaster.

Since civil liberties are generally accepted at least in theory, the major battleground for classical liberals today is in the area of government paternalism and collectivism. In this, the conservatives will usually be found in alliance with these right-wing liberals. If conservatives have been somewhat less insistent on these issues, this does not mean, as some overly enthusiastic libertarians seem to think, that the conservatives are socialist. For the conservative elements in our society have opposed the socialistic trend from the New Deal to the Great Society. Nevertheless, classical liberalism, which apparently claims the allegiance of most right-wing economists, is ideally suited to be the major defense against encroachment of tyranny on the commercial and industrial fronts.

The attitudes of the classical liberals are generally known at least among the more influential segments of the population even if their precepts are not fully appreciated or generally applied. Indeed, as previously pointed out, the public tends to equate classical liberalism with conservatism. It is the positions of the conservatives which are not generally understood. Even many of the major figures of intellectual conservatism do not appear to have a clear grasp of its applications to present-day concerns. That is why it is necessary to inquire into the historical nature of the movement. An understanding thereof is needed if the American spirit is to be revitalized. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Restiveness on the Right

On The Right

New York, March 15—The American Conservative Union has come out and said bluntly what is on the minds of those Americans who made possible the election of Richard Nixon: That Mr. Nixon's performance, so far, is not altogether reassuring.

There are the complaints which are not altogether fair. It is much too early to know whether Mr. Nixon will freeze under the pressure of Communist salients, in Vietnam, at the negotiating table in Paris, in Berlin; too early to conclude gloomily that he will do nothing to help the community to survive the intimidations of organized labor unions; too early, even, to know whether he will engage the problem of inflation other than rhetorically.

But on one point Mr. Nixon appears to have staked out a position, and it is, in the judgment of most of those Americans who reject ideology, the wrong one. It is the position of forced integration.

IT DOES NOT SEEM to occur to anyone to remark that the exodus of white middle-class families from the cities, the rate of which has trebled in the past three years, is above all things an indication of the lengths to which people intend to go in order to avoid certain conditions. It is utterly useless to moralize about it: The people who dominate America have written their position on the matter of forcible integration with their feet. The father who is willing to leave the city where he grew up, where he holds down his job, to endure the expenses of moving, of reacclimation, of buying or renting a new home, is expressing himself about as directly as anyone can. To criticize him for being uncharitable, let alone to attempt to devise laws that would rob him of the economic freedom to make his decision, is as useless as to criticize politicians for seeking to please their constituencies; or to attempt to devise laws which would force politicians to speak the truth. The truth is that the overwhelming majority of the white population of America associates with white people, even as the blacks associate with blacks, in their homes, at schools and, though to a lesser extent, professionally. We can and should deplore the obstinacy of these social conventions. But to attempt to enact and implement laws that forbid these natural associations—as distinguished from altogether desirable laws which attempt to bring advantages to the disadvantaged—is foolish, and bound to bring about consequences everyone deplores. For instance the migration of whites from the cities; the widespread rejection of the law as for instance by the Southern schools; the crystallization of hypocrisy as for instance by the white population of Washington, D.C., which by day writes laws forbidding segregation and by night returns to its segregated quarters; the rise of resentful black extremism.

Robert Finch is, from all appearances, a child of the old liberalism, which reasoned ("rationalism," Professor Oakeshott observes, "is making politics like the crow flies") that because separation of the races was morally wrong, therefore it should be forbidden by law. One would think that the fifteen years that have passed since *Brown* v. *Board of Education* would have convinced us that although it is no less wrong, any government that seeks to end it by *force majeure* is going to a) make matters worse, and b) impale itself on its abstractions.

We cannot, once again, know for sure whether Mr. Finch is going to return us to the bayonet-point integration of the post-Warren era. But he and Mr. Nixon appear to be quite blunt on the matter of applying Title VI of the Civil Rights Act which would deny aid to school districts which fail to integrate at the speed required by the relevant court. Now pledged to law and order, the Nixon Administration could hardly ignore a national statute. But if the strategy was to enforce the law so as to reveal the law's shortcomings, then Mr. Finch would hardly have brought to his side as Commissioner of Education Dr. James Allen of New York, who did perhaps more than anyone to ignite frustrations, resentments, bitterness, interracial hostility and, finally, the great exodus we all bemoan. □

ON BLACK CAPITALISM

New York, March 1—The idea of black capitalism, which during 1968 attracted the favorable attention of Richard Nixon, Robert Kennedy and Floyd McKissick, is now in creeping disrepute. First there is the straight ideological opposition. Julian Bond of Atlanta says he's against white capitalism, why should he be in favor of black capitalism? Then there have been one or two widely publicized empirical failures, for instance the shopping center of Delaware, financed by black capital and run by black entrepreneuers, which had to shut down because the hoodlums kept busting up the joint. And, politically, there was the extensive blast by the labor unions, which has truly confused the issue.

The executive council of the AFL-CIO announces that we are better off helping the black people by creating a society of full employment. Specifically, the council asks that we reduce unemployment from the present rate of 3.3, which is a fifteen-year low, down to 2 or 2.5 per cent. Black capitalism isn't going to do that, says the council, because the overwhelming majority of black people are working-class. What helps the working class is jobs, and better paying jobs: not capitalist castles in the sky. And anyway, says the council, "attempts to build separate economic enclaves, with substantial Federal tax subsidies, within specific geographically limited ghetto areas, is apartheid, antidemocratic nonsense."

NOW THE INFLAMED gentlemen of the council are clearly thinking as loosely as they write. What makes apartheid objectionable is not that it is antidemocratic, but that it is compulsory. Apartheid means separate development. A national effort to develop that which most needs development is only antidemocratic in the sense that progressive income tax rates are antidemocratic, which they certainly are, but to which the labor union leaders have no objections at all. The call for special efforts to help the black people especially develop may be antidemocratic in the sense that it imposes special burdens on

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the white community, but it is surely democratic in the conventional context in that it helps those who need help the most.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, I never tire of stressing, presupposes that the colored people need advancing; presupposes, that is, that they are, under historical circumstances, preternaturally underprivileged. The question then arises not whether to attempt to do something about it: but what to do. And the notion of black capitalism ties in with the notion, acclaimed across the spectrum by black leaders, that in the last analysis the Negroes are going to have to feel that they themselves achieved their own emancipation. Granted that the notion that self-help as the only means of achieving self-respect can be taken to ludicrous lengths —I once asked Saul Alinsky how come Liberia, independent for a hundred years, had made no relative progress distinguishing it from the colonized states in Africa, to which he replied that it was precisely because Liberia had been given its independence rather than having had to fight for it.

BLACK CAPITALISM, conceived primarily as government-underwritten credit—easy loans from the Small Business Administration, that kind of thing—hardly needs for its justification participation by the entire Negro community. But scattered successes can give universal hope. Among the objectives should be black-dominated labor unions, which would crack the white hegemonies that deny to Negroes the opportunity to advance in skilled trades. The AFL-CIO, in typical style, concluded its denunciation of black capitalism and its ringing endorsement of full employment by calling for a rise in the minimum wage from $1.60 to $2 per hour, which would have the absolutely predictable result of causing an increase in Negro unemployment.

Why not an SBA loan to blacks who desire to organize a pressure for right-to-work laws? □

WHO'S FOR MAYOR

New York, March 7 —It isn't, as we all know, generally understandable why anybody should want to be the mayor of New York, and it is generally accepted in the community of the sane that only madmen aspire to the office. That is what makes the candidacy of Republican Senator John Marchi especially surprising because Senator Marchi is one of the world's sweetest, most reasonable men, by everyone's reckoning one of the two or three most conscientious public servants in Albany. And if New York was in crisis four years ago, now after three years of Mr. Lindsay the city has moved from crisis to desolation. One supposes that Senator Marchi, who has served for a number of years as chairman of the City Affairs Commission of the Senate, might very well want to render a little disinterested help to the largest city in America.

As usual, things become complicated. There is in New York an amiable bachelor of long experience with political maneuvering called Charles McWhorter, a former head of the New York Young Republicans. He is a long-time Nixon man, and in these parts when McWhorter speaks, one assumes that he is communicating the pleasure of the President of the United States. Now Mr. McWhorter is a long-time enthusiast for John Lindsay—they were Young Republicans together back when the desrtuction of New York City was only a glint in Lindsay's eye. McWhorter's obsession with Lindsay reached the point of urging him on Mr. Nixon as Vice Presidential candidate in Miami.

When the news trickled out that Senator Marchi was going to challenge Mayor Lindsay in a Republican primary, McWhorter materialized in order to express Presidential concern over the primary race. The headline in the *New York Times* was: "Nixon Concerned by Prospect/ of GOP Mayoral Battle Here." The story went on to suggest that President Nixon frowned on Senator Marchi's projected interference with Mayor Lindsay's hold over the Republican Party of New York.

That was an eyebrow raising event, because other New Yorkers close to the White House has ascertained that Nixon would stand aside—after all, Mr. Nixon is hardly the man to declare against the institution of the preferential primary.

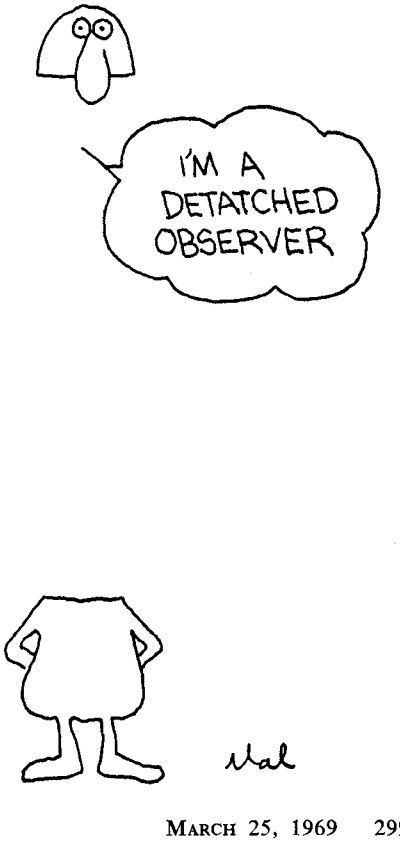
And then there arises the problem of the Conservative Party of New York, which is not to be confused with the conservative parties in other states, the latter being almost universally kooky, the former being, in the words of Mr. Nixon himself last fall, "a responsible political organization." During the fall, the Conservatives were denied the right to list Mr. Nixon's name on their slate, an act of disdain engineered by Nelson Rockefeller and Jacob Javits, pursuant to their position that a) the Conservative Party doesn't exist; and b) it is Neanderthal.

The drama now comes from the fact that the Conservative Party intends to endorse the candidacy of Senator Marchi. John Lindsay, who in 1965 accepted the endorsement of the Liberal Party, will find it hard to assert the immorality of a fusion ticket backed by conservative New Yorkers, in the light of his own solicitude for liberal New Yorkers from whatever party.

Meanwhile Governor Rockefeller, who is not privately fond of Mr. Lindsay, has stoutheartedly come out for his renomination and election, even as Senator Goldwater, in 1960, came out for the re-election of Senator Javits. So that a President who isn't supposed to interfere in primaries, has been maneuvered into the endorsement of a mayor whose strikingly unsuccessful administration is best associated with the Liberal Party whose political philosophy has governed, in a state whose governor's endorsement of the mayor is known by all insiders to be nothing more than punctilio.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN? Senator Marchi is going to give the Mayor a very tough time. He will have the endorsement of the majority of his fellow Republicans in the legislature, almost certainly. Fortunately, the Conservative Party has never gone in for great registration drives—why should it—so that its supporters draw heavily from New York's Republican community. If Marchi takes the Republican Party away from Lindsay, which is possible, Lindsay will run anyway, one supposes—on the Liberal Party ticket; and finally, intelligibility will return to the party labels in New York. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (below) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in below, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 296 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 A	2 B	3 O	4 I	5 K		6 B	7 G	8 J	9 P	10 A	11 I	12 H	13 I		14 F	15 I	16 B	17 G	18 C
19 P	20 Q	21 A	22 O	23 D	24 R	25 J		26 K	27 J	28 S	29 I	30 R	31 T	32 O	33 V		34 D	35 X	36 B
	37 D	38 G	39 E	40 T	41 C		42 J	43 L	44 K		45 F	46 O	47 D		48 N	49 W	50 I	51 G	52 R
53 O	54 L	55 B	56 S	57 T		58 O	59 V	60 G	61 B	62 J	63 I		64 F	65 O		66 G	67 C	68 K	69 V
70 F	71 P	72 I	73 D		74 E	75 V	76 I	77 W	78 B	79 A	80 G	81 M	82 C		83 H	84 R	85 S	86 A	87 D
88 M	89 U		90 J		91 I	92 M	93 W	94 L		95 X		96 F	97 L	98 A		99 H	100N	101T	102Y
	103Z	104E	105M	106I		107F	108U		109D	110K	111N	112L	113P		114L	115S	116U	117M	118C
119F		120H	121O	122V	123N		124G	125Z	126X	127L	128E		129D	130P	131U	132E	133H	134S	135Y
	136S	137K	138D	139U	140V	141Y	142O	143G		144M	145G	146L	147X		148A	149Z	150P	151O	
152A	153G	154Y	155D	156O		157T	158L	159A		160Z	161U	162H		163A	164L	165N	166P		167G
168P	169C	170B		171E	172R	173M	174J	175P	176U	177B		178B	179J	180X		181Z	182B		183G
184B	185M		186N	187T	188M		189B	190V		191J	192E	193H		194F	195F	196Z	197M		198N
199X	200C	201T		202A	203T	204C	205E	206R	207H		208J		209E	210V		211W	212?	213G	214B
215O	216E	217U	218N		219W	220A	221G	222Y	223R										

DEFINITIONS

A. What a clumsy bear might call an embarrassing silence — 1 163 159 220 21 86 98 148 152 79 / 202 10

B. What April 15th will be if you don't get busy — 36 16 177 182 2 170 214 178 6 184 / 189 55 61 78

C. Type of barrier that didn't apply to our Civil War — 82 200 41 18 169 204 118 67

D. The Man on Horseback — 87 129 155 47 73 109 138 23 34 37

E. He's not the first President of the U. S. to use an X in signing — 132 14 171 192 195 205 209 216 74 39 / 104 128

F. Franklin didn't sire it, but the Left killed it — 64 96 70 194 107 119 45

G. He helped a runaway slave to freedom by going South — 145 17 51 66 213 221 153 7 60 80 / 167 183 38 124 143

H. A writer who tries hard — 193 99 120 83 12 133 207 162

I. An important day (aren't they all?) — 91 4 11 15 29 50 63 76 72

J. Nameless — 208 8 25 27 42 90 174 179 191 62

K. Spines — 44 110 137 5 68 26

L. This can result from smoking in bed — 97 13 94 106 112 114 127 146 158 164 / 43 54

M. The smell of this plant wrings (not rings!) the nose — 117 81 88 144 173 185 197 92 188 105

N. Involving concern only with immediate needs or desires — 123 100 186 198 111 48 165 218

O. Most torrid — 46 65 3 22 32 53 58

P. Not instructed — 130 9 166 19 175 168 150 113 71

Q. A situation, state, affair or business — 215 121 151 156 142 20

R. Pompous or bombastic — 24 223 172 206 52 30 84

S. Senator Gravel might join this House member in sponsoring a highway bill — 28 115 56 85 134 136

T. A constantly recurring melodic fragment — 40 31 203 101 57 157 201 187

U. This political party was not composed of agrarian reformers — 108 176 139 131 89 161 116 217

V. Failure of the ends of a fractured bone to unite — 140 190 33 59 69 122 210 75

W. Where Alexander the Great won a victory, 333 B. C. — 49 93 211 77 219

X. A yellow coloring matter in madder — 126 222 35 147 199 95 180

Y. What you often need to get even — 154 102 135 141

Z. Former name of Trondhjem — 160 125 181 149 196 212 103

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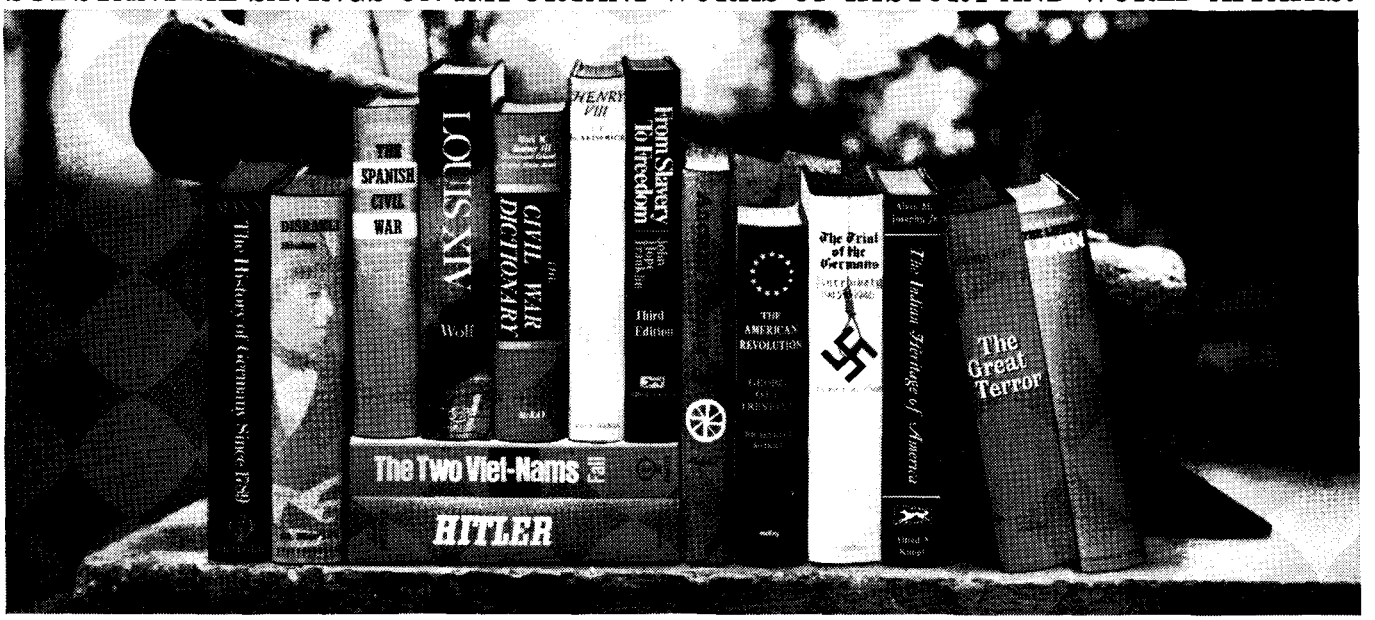

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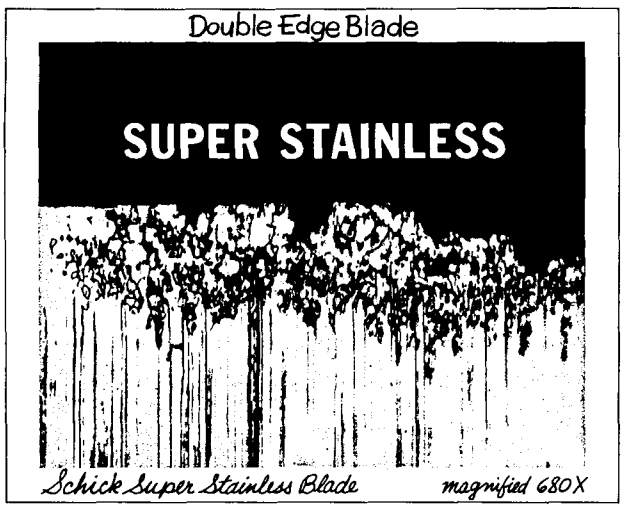
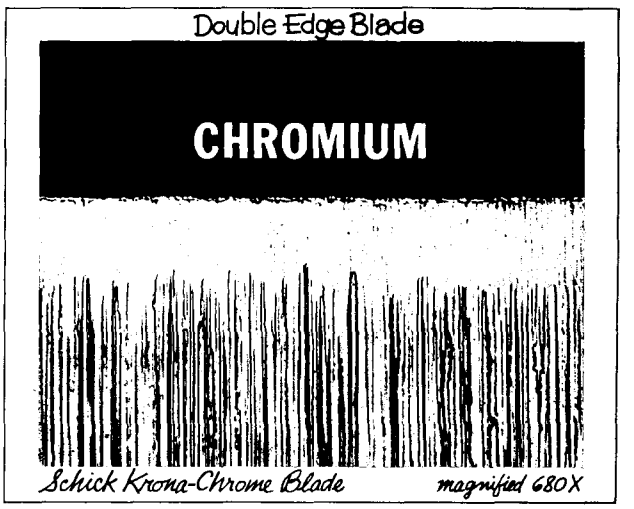


Super stainless is not complete protection against corrosion. This, for instance, is a corroded section of a plastic-coated Schick super stainless edge after five shaves, magnified 680 times. It's rough, pitted, corroded.



This is a section of the new plastic-coated Krona-Chrome chromium edge after five shaves, magnified 680 times. As you can see, chromium more effectively resists blade breakdown due to corrosion.

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